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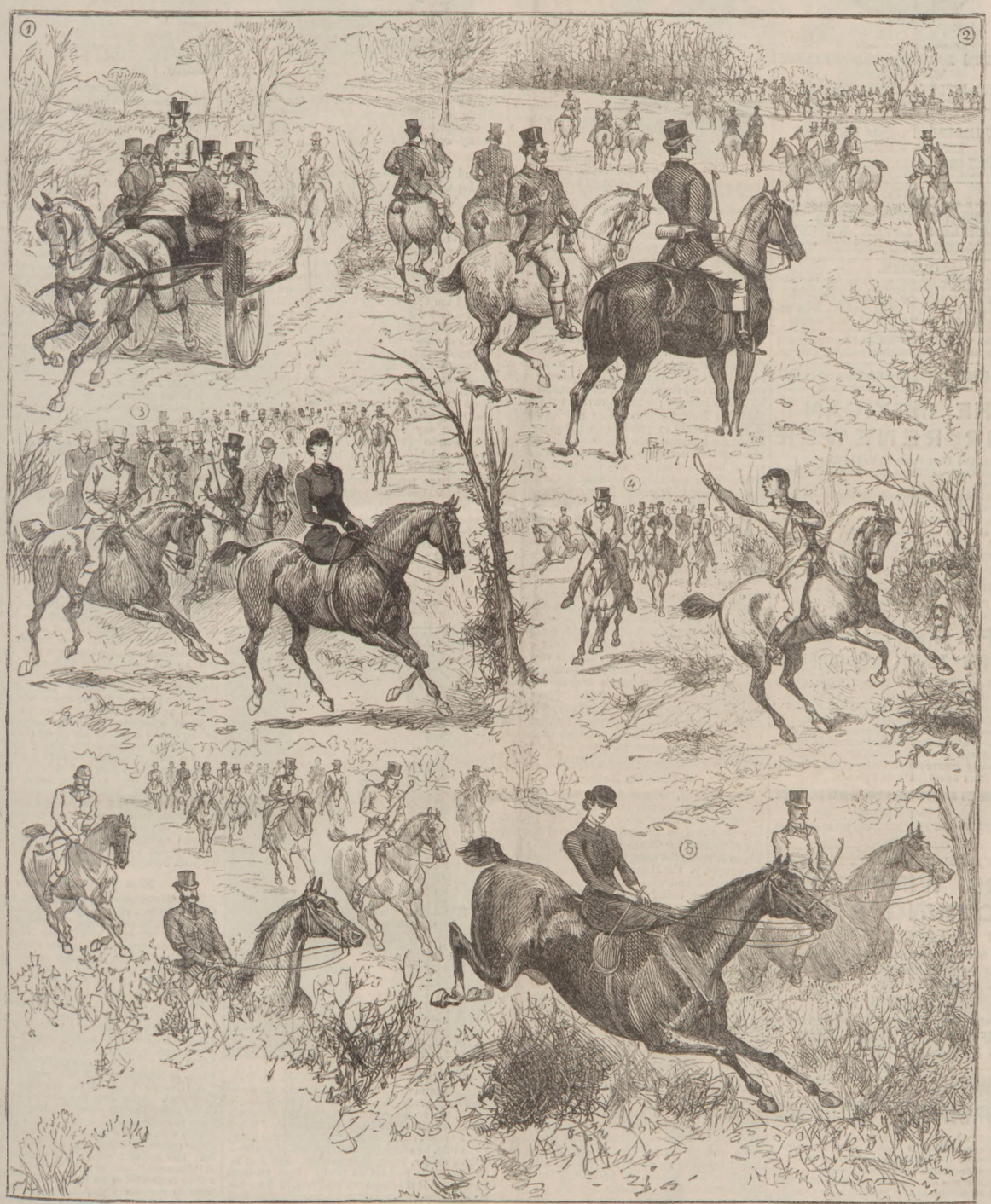

1. Going to the Meet. 2. Waiting for the "Draw." 3. "Drawn Blank." 4. "Tally Ho!" 5. "Full Cry."

A JOLLY HUNTING DAY AT MELTON MOWBRAY.

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All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

PERSONAL POLITICS

"Who Next?"

I HAVE been amusing myself with reading a curious paper in the *New Review*, which is, I think, written by Mr. George Russell, entitled "Who Next?" It is a review of the claims of various gentlemen to step into Mr. Gladstone's shoes when Mr. Gladstone shall retire. First, Lord Rosebery is dealt with, and dismissed as being "too young." Why, I can't for the life of me imagine. He is not so young as Lord Randolph, who led the House of Commons four years ago. He will soon be twenty years older than Pitt was when he was Prime Minister. In my opinion, Prime Ministers are too old. Why should a man wait till his physical powers are declining before he is able to direct the Queen's Government? However, Lord Rosebery is given up for the reason—the very foolish reason—I have assigned, though, in my opinion, his chances are infinitely superior to those of any one of his colleagues. Next comes Mr. Morley, who can't even lead the House of Commons, because he wants humour; which proves to me either that the New Reviewer does not know Mr. Morley publicly or privately, or that he does not know humour when he sees it. Sir William Harcourt is not trusted enough to lead the party, but may do for the Commons. Lord Granville is too old; and, finally, the choice falls on Lord Spencer. Now, I gave the story of the "Spencer conclave" in this column some weeks ago, and I have no objection to seeing it repeated in the Review. There is some truth in it. But I do not think that Lord Spencer will do. He is a good administrator, but he is not a statesman of the first rank, he is not a man of very singular or remarkable ability, and he is not popular with the Radicals, who are a growing force, and who will insist on any selection for the succession to the leadership being made in the full light of day and with their entire approval and concurrence. That is why the steps which are being taken to secure Lord Spencer as Mr. Gladstone's successor—and taken they have been—will fail. The party will certainly prefer Lord Rosebery, who has riches, great talent, governing ability, and vast influence, and who is growing in favour with the Radicals since he took the Chairmanship of the London County Council.

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY.

A Possible Return.

By the way, talk of the prospects of the Liberal Party cannot be dissociated from a project which is being very keenly and generally discussed in Liberal circles, and that is, the return of Sir Charles Dilke to public life. There is no doubt that this plan is advancing very rapidly. Sir Henry James, who defended Sir Charles, and who all along entertained a very strong belief in the innocence of his client, has now supplied Mr. Gladstone with additional proofs of what he regards as unquestionable fact. Mr. Gladstone has been greatly impressed, and a singularly cordial correspondence has followed between the Liberal leader and Sir Charles. Mr. Gladstone is, I believe, of opinion that Sir Charles should return to public life, and, if I am rightly informed, has said so both in writing and speech. On his part Sir Charles is not, I believe, minded to press matters. He is perfectly happy in his private life and in his numerous occupations. A few days will see the issue of his great work on the British Empire. He still has great influence in foreign and Indian policy, and he is constantly consulted by many of his old friends and colleagues. Perhaps he is too enamoured of the singularly calm and yet useful life into which he has now slipped to press urgently for a return to the troubled waters of politics. However, the counsels of his friends are mostly for a return next election, and it is possible that the call may be obeyed, if it continue to be as strenuous as it is now.

The New Papers.

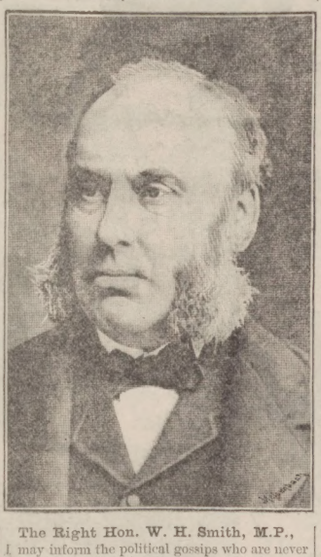
I suppose I shall be expected, in this week of new journalistic and literary ventures, to say something about the fresh arrivals. First let me notice the *Review of Reviews*, Mr. Stead's new sixpenny monthly, an advance copy of which has just been sent me by the editor. The look of it is not entirely agreeable. The cover is colourless, and the designs of globe, firmament, and open book for the display of the contents, though appropriate enough to the character of the paper, would have come out better on a coloured ground. However, colour-printing is expensive, and you can't expect everything for a sixpenn'orth. But that it is a wonderful sixpennyworth is beyond question. The ex-editor of the *P.M.G.* knows the sub-editorial part of the journalist's business well, and he has certainly done it superbly for the *Review of Reviews*. A complete index and short guide to all the magazines and all the best articles in them, an analysis of the chief features, grouped under appropriate heads, a critical summary of the *pièces de résistance*—the whole prefaced with a series of autograph letters of approval of the project from Mr. Gladstone to Lord Randolph Churchill—these are Mr. Stead's chief attractions. On the whole, it is a remarkable achievement. Mr. Newnes, M.P., the very able and shrewd proprietor of *Tit Bits*, is financing the concern. There are forty-two pages of advertisements and eighty-four of print—a thumping sixpenny-worth, at all events.

The "Speaker."

And now I come to the *Speaker*, which is, perhaps, more exclusively in my own political line. Of course, I have to admit disappointment. Mr. Reid's success would have been a matter for congratulation by all journalists, for he is the most charming and universally popular of men, as well as a very competent Pressman. At present, however, success still waits to descend on Mr. Reid's banners. The secret, however, of the partial failure has not quite been told by the Press. Mr. Reid had too many "distinguished men" on his staff. The "distinguished men" all sent articles—very bad ones—for the first number, and, after the manner of the distinguished, were urgent to have them in. Now, I disbelive in the whole brood of the "distinguished"—on newspapers. Mr. John Morley, for instance, is one of the most distinguished men of his generation. But he is not a successful editor. What Mr. Reid, in my humble opinion, should have done was to get a staff of good hack journalists round him, and to have peppered his "distinguished" ones between the hacks, who would have written any quantity of bright stuff, while the distinguished pedants were on the way. However, the editor of the *Speaker* is one of the shrewdest of men, and he is not likely to fail to profit by the thousands of hints which he has had from people much more competent to give them than I am.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.



The Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P.,

I may inform the political gossips who are never tired of predicting his retirement to the House of Lords, has no intention at present of resigning the leadership of the House of Commons. When I last caught sight of Mr. Smith, walking along Piccadilly, he seemed to be in the best of health—bright, strong, brisk, alert as ever. The fact is, Mr. Smith is wedded to work. Best business man by far of the Conservative Party, in the sense that he is devoted to duty and is a model of method and regularity, the First Lord of the Treasury should have many years of useful work left in him. He is but sixty-five—young for a Minister of State. He has ample reason for the decision he has, I am told, come to—viz., to stand once more for the Strand at the next Election. Meanwhile the public, who have been so much benefited by the wonderful news agency and bookselling business organised by Mr. W. H. Smith and his father, will have been interested in the notable festival held at the Criterion the other night to celebrate the coming of age of Mr. Smith's only son. There were no less than 300 gentlemen present to cheer Mr. Smith and his son, several of the guests having been upwards of twenty-one years in the service of this respected firm, which is credited with treating all in its employment most liberally and considerately. It says much for the wholesome privacy of Mr. W. H. Smith's life, in this age of great publicity, that but few of the public were aware that the First Lord of the Treasury had a son quietly pursuing his studies at Oxford. Though formally admitted as a partner in the firm of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son on the occasion of the majority banquet, when he cordially made himself known to the zealous and devoted heads of departments, Mr. Smith the Younger will continue for a while at Oxford University, I believe.

FITS.—EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS.—If you want to be permanently and speedily cured of this distressing complaint, write to the SECRETARY, Burwood House, Burwood-place, Hyde Park, London, and he will send you "Gratis" full instructions for cure, and advice on diet.—[ADVT.]

Mr. Augustus Harris.

The lessee of Drury-Lane is a man of mark among modern managers, as he combines a great deal of cultivation and intelligence with practical business knowledge. I was present at the final rehearsal of his latest and most brilliant pantomime, and could not help admiring the good taste and keen eye for effect displayed by him. Frequently he made most valuable suggestions to the performers. He inherits his remarkable faculty in stage management from his father, the late Mr. Augustus Harris, of Covent-Garden, whose ability in directing operatic performances made him famous. People often wonder to hear the lessee of Drury-Lane speaking in two or three languages, and are surprised at his facility. His first start in life, after receiving an excellent education, was as foreign correspondent to the house of Emile Erlanger and Co. But when a younger man, his ambition was to become an actor, and in September 1873 he played Malcolm, in a representation of "Macbeth," at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, then under the management of Mr. John Knowles. Next he went to the Amphitheatre, Liverpool, playing in various pieces with Mr. Barry Sullivan. Then, for a time, he quitted the stage as an actor to become assistant stage-manager to Mr. Mapleson. During a provincial tour with Mr. Mapleson some operas were to be produced at Bath. There was every difficulty in the way, and the scheme appeared impracticable, but Mr. Augustus Harris overcame all obstacles, and the operas were well rendered. In 1876 he went to Paris for Lord Newry, and arranged with the Odéon company to play "Les Danischefs" at the St. James's Theatre. By his business tact and facility in speaking French he greatly aided the success of the company. The first pantomime he invented, constructed, and produced was "Sinbad the Sailor" for Mr. Charles Wyndham at the Crystal Palace in 1876. In 1877 he again appeared as an actor, and was the original Henry Greenlanes in "The Pink Dominos" at the Criterion. His undertaking the management of Drury-Lane when that establishment was at the lowest ebb was thought by many experienced in theatrical matters to be one of the rashest ventures ever known. But the clear-headed manager knew what he was about, and he has rescued the national theatre from degradation, and made it one of the most prosperous establishments in Europe. His success in reviving Italian opera when the lyric drama appeared hopeless is one of the most brilliant achievements of his successful career. In the earlier stages of his Drury-Lane management Mr. Harris frequently played himself. But he has wisely devoted himself latterly to the duties of management, and in that capacity has won the goodwill and admiration merited by most honourable and straightforward conduct in all his engagements, and by his courteous and considerate treatment of all in his employ. His election on the London County Council gave general satisfaction, and he has already gained much credit by his sound practical views on subjects brought before the Council.

Miss Violet Cameron.

This attractive and popular lady, who is now taking the part of the Prince originally written for her in the pantomime "Cinderella" at Her Majesty's Theatre, had early experience in pantomime representations, for when she was a child Miss Cameron appeared in pantomimes at Drury-Lane Theatre, nearly twenty years ago. She was also at the Adelphi. But her first appearance was at the Princess's Theatre, at Easter 1870, as Karl in "Faust and Marguerite." In 1875 she came forward more prominently at the Globe Theatre, and in the following year had her first burlesque character, that of Joconde in a burlesque by the late Mr. H. B. Farnie, entitled "Piff Paff." Far greater ability was displayed when, in September 1876, she played Perdita in "A Winter's Tale" at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool. After that she played in burlesque at the Folly Theatre—now Toole's—and became very popular also in comic opera. She represented with great success the heroines of several comic operas by Offenbach, Lecocq, Planquette, &c. Her graceful acting and excellent singing in "Nemesis," and later in "Madame Favart," will be remembered at the Strand Theatre, and there is no doubt that her assistance at Her Majesty's Theatre will add a new attraction to the pantomime.

Lady Dilke

does not spare herself in her active personal or in her literary efforts to aid the better half of creation to help itself. Lady Dilke's latest

service to the cause she has at heart is an admirably clear and cogent article in the January number of the *New Review* on "Trades Unionism for Women." With the poor still dying of starvation in the East-End of London, and with working-women yet among the greatest sufferers in this busy hive, such timely counsel as Lady Dilke's is seasonable indeed.

The Royal Academicians

gave the "Old Masters" their customary New Year's treat in the Burlington House Galleries on Saturday last, when some more or less gaily bedizened fragments of London Society were paraded at the Private View for the delectation of Murillo and Velasquez, Rembrandt and Reynolds, Van Dyck and Rubens. Merely mentioning that, amid much beautiful work in the first room, I noted that Sir William Beechey's "Portrait of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV.," presents by far the most pleasing likeness of "the first gentleman of Europe," as Thackeray delighted to call him; and that the Stevens room proved more remarkable for the careful finish of the defunct decorator's drawings than for anything else—I was curious to know what the vivid counterfeit presentment of Rembrandt (No. 61) in the second gallery had to say of the notabilities chattering past in procession. Truth to tell, Rembrandt looked far more alive in face, as did the brilliant paintings of Velasquez and Murillo, than did many of the pallid dowagers and wizened old men present. Prettiest picture, to my fancy—and Rembrandt seemed to wink approval of my choice—was the sweet harmony in grey formed by the lovely girl in a grey matador hat and a grey Spanish cloak. But the works of art on the walls and on the floor were alike marvels of skill.

Major Serpa Pinto,

the truculent Portuguese Commander who has insulted the British Flag on the Zambesi, and whose deposition should follow Lord Salisbury's energetic note of remonstrance to the Lisbon Government, is limned by Mr. Rudolf Blind. This bombastic Major has been hitherto known as a pacific Portuguese explorer in Africa. But the late Dr. Livingstone familiarised himself first with the district in dispute, Livingstone having explored the river Shire; and it is well to remember, also, that the settlements of the Scottish Kirk, of the English Universities' Church Mission, and the African Lakes Company have long been established on Lake Nyassa, the approaches whereto this precious Serpa Pinto would have jeopardised had it not been for the action of Mr. H. H. Johnston, Her Majesty's Consul. Portugal must cave in.

"Woman,"

the new penny weekly for the fair sex, started with the brightest first number I have seen for many a day. I drink to "Woman—Lovely Woman!"

The Fabians.

I have just received a very handsomely bound and well-printed volume entitled "Fabian Essays in Socialism" (63, Fleet-street). The contributions are from many pens, Mrs. Besant and Mr. Sidney Webb among them, and they explain in a singularly clear and lucid manner what Socialism means. "The ignorant public," says one writer, "hears of the 'Social Revolution,' and instantly thinks of street riots, noyades, with a *coup d'état*. But these are not the Social Revolution." Now, although there is a touch of intellectual arrogance in this sentence, yet it must be admitted that the most ardent individualist may not be sorry to possess so lucid a presentation of what his opponents are driving at. The cover of the volume has been designed by Mr. Walter Crane and Miss May Morris, daughter of the poet.

James Anthony Froude.

I see that a contemporary has been interviewing Mr. Froude, the historian, and recalling old times with him—the times, that is, when Mr. Froude's first book, "The Nemesis of Faith," was burned in the Common Hall at Oriel, and he

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.

was deprived of his Fellowship at Exeter College, Oxford, for writing it. Things have, indeed, changed since then. Now one does not think of Mr. Froude as alien to the general voice of his age in the sense of being ahead of it. We look upon him as a reactionist, and as one who ever looks backward on the "good old times"—the times when England literally ruled the waves, the time of good Queen Bess and Armada conflicts.

Mr. Froude had two gifted brothers, one of whom, William, was a master of applied mathematics, and the other, Richard Hurrell, a leader of the Tractarian movement, and a friend of Newman and Pusey. James Anthony came much under the influence of Hurrell at first, but later Carlyle, as he says, was too strong for him, and he became a transcendentalist. Then he took to writing history and biography, with what results we know. The history of England during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth is most fascinating reading, full of brilliant and never-to-be-forgotten pictures, but it is disfigured by its admiration for the hard, strong men—Carlylean men, in fact. And then his biography of Carlyle, with its ill-judged attempt to tell the whole story of domestic discord and dyspepsia—what a madness it was! Later Mr. Froude has got into trouble by writing inaccurate books on "Oceana" and the "West Indies." He is always inaccurate; but then his style is delightful, and that covers his faults. The historian is at his best when, as in "Short Studies on Great Subjects," he writes a brief transcendental essay on Job. He lives in Onslow-square, and is seventy-one years old.

The Empress Augusta.

The influenza has seized upon a right Royal victim. The Empress Augusta's death on Tuesday last, at the age of seventy-nine, removes an historic figure from the European stage. Her early youth was spent at Weimar, of which Principality her father was Grand Duke, and she had thus many opportunities of coming in contact with the majestic Goethe. Married at eighteen to Prince William of Prussia, she became Queen of Prussia and Empress of Germany; mother of Frederick the Good, and grandmother of the reigning sovereign.

A lady of simple and kindly habits, she was, we are told, much beloved by those who were brought into immediate contact with her.

The "Happy New Year"

we have all wished each other will be all the brighter if the Twelvemonth has many such noble gifts placed to its credit as the £100,000 presented by a munificent anonymous donor for Free Convalescent Hospitals (the luxuries of which would be widely appreciated in this depressing and anxious season of Influenza). I sincerely trust 1890 will be abundantly fruitful of such magnificent donations as made the names of Sir Edward Guinness and Sir Sydney Waterlow honoured in 1889. Some such enjoyment as Waterlow Park will shortly yield to the public at Highgate is furnished on Saturdays and on Bank Holidays to residents in the southern suburbs by Mr. F. J. Horniman, a philanthropist who has long hidden his light under a bushel. I refer to the remarkably interesting collection Mr. Horniman has thrown open to the public at Surrey House Museum, at the foot of his park near Lordship-lane station. After spending an instructive afternoon in rambling through this exquisitely furnished museum, particularly rich in beautiful moths and butterflies, I was not surprised to hear that it has taken Mr. Horniman thirty years to accumulate these treasures of Art and Archæology, Bibliography, and Natural History. Well done, Horniman!

THE PROMPTER.

SHE OBEYED ORDERS.

MISTRESS: "Are these the apples I sent you to get?"

Bridget: "They are that same."

Mistress: "Why have you bitten them all?"

Bridget: "Sure, Mum, ye tould me to git nothin' but good atin' apples, an' I tasted ivery wan iv thim; an' what wid the grane wans an' the wormy wans, I 'm like to die!"

AT THE LITERARY RECEPTION.

FIRST AUTHOR (in background): "Tollerby seems to be a perfect lion to-night; I can't see why they 're making such a fuss over him."

Second ditto: "Haven't you heard? He 's been accused of plagiarising the plot and all the characters of his last novel, and his publishers can't print 'em fast enough to supply the demand."

Lord Dunraven, who was last Monday night the guest of the Liverpool Conservative Club, delivered an address on the labour problems of the present day. He was in favour of the restriction of the day's work to eight hours, and was, on the whole, inclined to think that this limitation could be best effected by the State. His Lordship also advocated the creation of a new Government Department, to have especial charge of all matters relating to labour and industry.

The Thunderstorm which on Sunday night swept over the county Donegal resulted in two deaths, those of the wife and daughter of a small farmer named M'Cole, residing at Tolnabratney. M'Cole's house was struck by lightning, which in its passage made a gap in the back of the house and tore out the kitchen window. The two women who were in the house were killed instantaneously, the bodies being burned. M'Cole himself and his son were seriously injured. Two other women were killed at Killarney.

Death of Joe Sadler.—The death is announced, after a lingering illness, of the veteran ex-champion sculler, Joe Sadler, who died in Richmond Hospital on Jan. 1, in his fiftieth year. Sadler won the sculling championship of the world on two occasions, beating R. Bagnall, from Putney to Mortlake, on April 17, 1874, and R. W. Boyd, over the same course, on Nov. 15, 1875. His most memorable race was in 1876, in which year, on June 27, he was defeated by Edward Trickett, of Australia, this being the first occasion on which the championship had been wrested from an Englishman. The wonderful successes secured in recent years by the Australian oarsmen date from that period.

LIVER COMPLAINTS.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[ADVT.]

"CLEANING SILVER."—All difficulty in keeping silver, electro-plate, &c., untarnished and with a brilliant polish, may be obviated by using GODDARD'S NON-MERCURIAL PLATE-POWDER. Sold everywhere, in BOXES, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Five gold medals awarded.—[ADVT.]

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

AN amazing function has the Baddeley Twelfth Night fête grown to be at Drury-Lane Theatre under the hospitable auspices of Mr. Augustus Harris. From the comparatively homely distribution of cake and punch to the company of actors in the green-room or saloon of Old Drury, the modest festival started by Baddeley has been developed by Augustus Druriolanus, with true "Beanstalk" magic, into a gigantic stage supper, to which some hundreds of guests have been bounteously bidden welcome. Mr. Fernandez, at half past midnight on Monday, prefaced the cutting of the cake, as usual, with a hearty speech of thanks to Mr. Harris, whose manner it is eloquently to return thanks — chiefly with his beaming brown eyes. In the commingling of actors and journalists, artists, actresses, and golden youth, that succeeds this colossal Twelfth Night Supper, there is much pleasant badinage and festive dancing. The social meeting is unquestionably the source of much enjoyment. Repeated performances have made the grand Drury-Lane pantomime of "Jack and the Beanstalk" go with wonderful smoothness. There surely has never before been a Giant who moves so easily and naturally across the stage as George Conquest the younger does. He certainly deserves to be classed A 1 in Giant-land. Without recapitulating the various excellent features of Mr. Harris's most beautiful pantomime, I may in common fairness say it is quite a mistake to suppose that "Jack and the Beanstalk" is nothing more than pageantry. On the contrary, it is the funniest pantomime, as well as the most brilliant, Drury-Lane has seen for some years. "Jack" will yield entertainment for many weeks to come.

Our stars, eclipsed by illness for a time, are reappearing. On Saturday last Miss Violet Cameron delighted her admirers by adding to the attractions of "Cinderella" at Her Majesty's, which was thronged; and the same night Mrs. Bernard-Beere reanimated "La Tosca" by resuming Sarah Bernhardt's great part. Mr. Barnes clearly resolved the public shall not be robbed of its Beere. I 'm happy to learn that Fred Leslie has also sufficiently recovered to keep the game alive in "Ruy Blas" at the Gaiety. All "the boys" were sorry to hear the "grippe" had incapacitated Florence St. John and Lonnen in New York. We all wish them a speedy return of good health. Postponement being the order of the day, or night, at the Royalty, I can only wish "Tra-la-la Tosca" success when Mr. F. C. Burnand's latest travesty actually does see the footlights.

THESPIS.

PROUD FATHER: "Do you think he looks like me?" SYMPATHETIC VISITOR: "Yes, poor little thing!"

BLIND LOVE.

WILKIE COLLINS'S LAST ROMANCE.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

GOOD-BYE TO IRIS.

ON the next day Mountjoy heard news of Iris which was not of a nature to relieve his anxieties. He received a visit from Fanny Mere.

The leave-taking of Mr. Vimpany, on the previous evening, was the first event which the maid had to relate. She had been present when the doctor said goodbye to her master and mistress. Business in London was the reason he gave for going away. The master had taken the excuse as if he really believed in it, and seemed to be glad to get rid of his friend. The mistress expressed her opinion that Mr. Vimpany's return to London must have been brought about by an act of liberality on the part of the most generous of living men. "*Your* friend has, as I believe, got some money from *my* friend," she said to her husband. My lord had looked at her very strangely when she spoke of Mr. Mountjoy in that way, and had walked out of the room.

"Mind you stay indoors this evening, sir," the maid continued, looking and speaking so excitedly that Hugh hardly knew her again. "My mistress is coming to see you, and I shall come with her."

Such an act of imprudence was incredible. "You must be out of your senses!" Mountjoy exclaimed.

"I'm out of myself, sir, if that's what you mean," Fanny answered. "I do so enjoy treating a man in that way! The master's going out to dinner—he'll know nothing about it—and," cried the cool cold woman of other times, "he richly deserves it!"

Hugh reasoned and remonstrated, and failed to produce the slightest effect.

His next effort was to write a few lines to Lady Harry, entreating her to remember that a jealous man is sometimes capable of acts of the meanest duplicity, and that she might be watched. When he gave the note to Fanny to deliver, she informed him respectfully that he had better not trust her. A person sometimes meant to do right (she reminded him), and sometimes ended in doing wrong. Rather than disappoint her mistress, she was quite capable of tearing up the letter, on her way home, and saying nothing about it. Hugh tried a threat next: "Your mistress will not find me, if she comes here: I shall go out to-night." The impenetrable maid looked at him with a pitying smile, and answered: "Not you!"

It was a humiliating reflection—but Fanny Mere understood him better than he understood himself.

All that Mountjoy had said and done in the way of protest had been really dictated by consideration for the young wife. If he questioned his conscience, selfish delight in the happy prospect of seeing Iris again asserted itself, as the only view with which he looked forward to the end of the day. When the evening approached, he took the precaution of having his own discreet and faithful servant in attendance, to receive Lady Harry at the door of the hotel, before the ringing of the bell could summon the porter from his lodge. On calm consideration, the chances seemed to be in favour of her escaping detection by Lord Harry. The jealous husband of the stage, who sooner (or later) discovers the innocent (or guilty) couple, as the case may be, is not always the husband of the world outside the theatre. With this fragment of experience present in his mind, Hugh saw the door of his sitting-room cautiously opened, at an earlier hour than he had anticipated. His trustworthy representative introduced a lady, closely veiled—and that lady was Iris.

Lady Harry lifted her veil, and looked at Mountjoy with sad entreaty in her eyes. "Are you angry with me?" she asked.

"I ought to be angry with you," he said. "This is very imprudent, Iris."

"It's worse than that," she confessed. "It's reckless and desperate. Don't say I ought to have controlled myself. I can't control the shame I feel when I think of what has happened. Can I let you go—oh, what a return for your kindness!—without taking your hand at parting? Come and sit by me on the sofa. After my poor husband's conduct, you and I are not likely to meet again. I don't expect you to lament it as I do. Even your sweetness and your patience—so often tried—must be weary of me now."

"Do *you* too wish me to leave Paris?"

Sitting very near to him—nearer than her husband might have liked to see—Iris drew away a little. "Did you mean to be cruel, in saying that?" she asked. "I don't deserve it."

"It was kindly meant," Hugh assured her. "If I can make your position more endurable by going away, I will leave Paris to-morrow."

Iris moved back again to the place which she had already occupied. She was eager to thank him (for a reason not yet mentioned) as she had never thanked him yet. Silently and softly she offered her gratitude to Hugh, by offering her cheek. The irritating influence of Lord Harry's jealousy was felt by both of them at that moment. He kissed her cheek—and lingered over it. She was the first to recover herself.

"When you spoke just now of my position with my husband," she said, "you reminded me of anxieties, Hugh, in which you once shared, and of services which I can never forget."

Preparing him in those words for the disclosure which she had now to make, Iris alluded to the vagabond life of adventure which Lord Harry had led. The restlessness in his nature which that life implied had latterly shown itself again; and his wife had traced the cause to a letter from Ireland, communicating a report that the assassin of Arthur Mountjoy had been seen in London, and was supposed to be passing under the name of Carrigeen. Hugh would understand that the desperate resolution to revenge the murder of his friend, with which Lord Harry left England in the past time, had been urged into action once more. He had not concealed from Iris that she must be resigned to his leaving her for a while, if the report which had reached him from Ireland proved to be true. It would be useless, and worse than useless, to remind this reckless man of the danger that threatened him from the Invincibles, if he returned to England. In using her power of influencing the husband who still loved her, Iris could only hope to exercise a salutary restraint in her own domestic interests, appealing to him for indulgence by careful submission to any exactions on which his capricious jealousy might insist. Would sad necessity excuse her, if she accepted Mountjoy's offer to leave Paris, for the one reason that her husband had asked it of her as a favour?

Hugh at once understood her motive, and assured her of his sympathy.

"You may depend upon my returning to London to-morrow," he said. "In the meantime, is there no better way in which I can be of use to you? If your influence fails, do you see any other chance of keeping Lord Harry's desperate purpose under control?"

It had only that day occurred to Iris that there might be some prospect of an encouraging result if she could obtain the assistance of Mrs. Vimpany.

The doctor's wife was well acquainted with Lord Harry's past life, when he happened to be in Ireland; and she had met many of his countrymen with whom he had associated. If one of those friends happened to be the officious person who had written to him, it was at least possible that Mrs. Vimpany's discreet interference might prevent his mischievous correspondent from writing again. Lord Harry, waiting for more news, would in this event wait in vain. He would not know where to go, or what to do next—and, with such a nature as his, the end of his patience and the end of his resolution were likely to come together.

Hugh handed his pocket-book to Iris. Of the poor chances in her favour, the last was to his mind the least hopeless of the two.

"If you have discovered the name of your husband's correspondent," he said, "write it down for me, and I will ask Mrs. Vimpany if she knows him. I will make your excuses for not having written to her lately; and, in any case, I answer for her being ready to help you."

As Iris thanked him and wrote the name, the clock on the chimney-piece struck the hour.

She rose to say farewell. With a restless hand she half lowered her veil, and raised it again. "You won't mind my crying," she said faintly, trying to smile through her tears. "This is the saddest parting I have ever known. Dear, dear Hugh—good-bye!"

Great is the law of Duty; but the elder law of Love claims its higher right. Never, in all the years of their friendship, had they forgotten themselves as they forgot themselves now. For the first time her lips met his lips, in their farewell kiss. In a moment more, they remembered the restraints which honour imposed on them; they were only friends again. Silently, she lowered her veil. Silently, he took her arm and led her down to the carriage. It was moving away from them at a slow pace, towards the other end of the street. Instead of waiting for its return, they followed and overtook it. "We shall meet again," he whispered. She answered sadly: "Don't forget me."

Mountjoy turned back. As he approached the hotel he noticed a tall man crossing from the opposite side of the street. Not two minutes after Iris was on her way home, her jealous husband and her old friend met at the hotel door.

Lord Harry spoke first. "I have been dining out," he said, "and I came here to have a word with you, Mr. Mountjoy, on my road home."

Hugh answered with formal politeness: "Let me show your lordship the way to my rooms."

"Oh, it's needless to trouble you," Lord Harry declared. "I have so little to say—do you mind walking on with me for a few minutes?"

Mountjoy silently complied. He was thinking of what might have happened if Iris had delayed her departure—or if the movement of the carriage had been towards, instead of away from, the hotel. In either case, it had been a narrow escape for the wife, from a dramatic discovery by the husband.

"We Irishmen," Lord Harry resumed, "are not famous for always obeying the laws; but it is in our natures to respect the law of hospitality. When you were at the cottage yesterday I was inhospitable to my guest. My rude behaviour has weighed on my mind since—and for that reason I have come here to speak to you. It was ill-bred on my part to reproach you with your visit, and to forbid you (oh, quite needlessly, I don't doubt!) to call on me again. If I own that I have no desire to propose a renewal of friendly intercourse between us, you will understand me, I am sure; with my way of thinking, the less we see of each other for the future, the better it may be. But, for what I said when my temper ran away with me, I ask you to accept my excuses, and the sincere expression of my regret."

"Your excuses are accepted, my lord, as sincerely as you have offered them," Mountjoy answered. "So far as I am concerned, the incident is forgotten from this moment."

Lord Harry expressed his courteous acknowledgments. "Spoken as becomes a gentleman," he said. "I thank you."

There it ended. They saluted each other; they wished each other good-night. "A mere formality!" Hugh thought, when they had parted.

He had wronged the Irish lord in arriving at that conclusion. But time was to pass, before events helped him to discover his error.

Mrs. Vimpany looked at him with horror in her eyes.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE DECREE OF FATE.

On his arrival in London, Mountjoy went to the Nurses' Institute to inquire for Mrs. Vimpany.

She was again absent, in attendance on another patient. The address of the house (known only to the matron) was, on this occasion, not to be communicated to any friend who might make inquiries. A bad case of scarlet fever had been placed under the nurse's care, and the danger of contagion was too serious to be trifled with.

The events which had led to Mrs. Vimpany's present employment had not occurred in the customary course.

A nurse who had recently joined the Institute had been first engaged to undertake the case, at the express request of the suffering person—who

was said to be distantly related to the young woman. On the morning when she was about to proceed to the scene of her labours, news had reached her of the dangerous illness of her mother. Mrs. Vimpany, who was free at the time, and who felt a friendly interest in her young colleague, volunteered to take her place. Upon this, a strange request had been addressed to the matron, on behalf of the sick man. He desired to be "informed of it, if the new nurse was an Irishwoman." Hearing that she was an Englishwoman, he at once accepted her services; being himself (as an additional element of mystery in the matter) an Irishman!

The matron's English prejudices at once assumed that there had been some discreditable event in the man's life, which might be made a subject of scandalous exposure, if he was attended by one of his own countrypeople. She advised Mrs. Vimpany to have nothing to do with the afflicted stranger. The nurse answered that she had promised to attend on him—and she kept her promise.

Mountjoy left the Institute, after vainly attempting to obtain Mrs. Vimpany's address. The one concession which the matron offered to make was to direct his letter and send it to the post, if he would be content with that form of communication.

Mrs. Vimpany's answer, dwelling on the danger of contagion, was no more satisfactory than his visit.

The one accessible person whom he could consult in his difficulty was his faithful old servant.

That experienced man—formerly employed, at various times, in the army, in the police, and in service at a public school—obtained leave to make some preliminary investigations on the next morning.

He achieved two important discoveries. In the first place, Mrs. Vimpany was living in the house in which the letter to his master had been written. In the second place, there was a page attached to the domestic establishment (already under notice to leave his situation), who was accessible to corruption by means of a bride. The boy would be on the watch for Mr. Mountjoy at two o'clock on that day, and would show him where to find Mrs. Vimpany, in the room near the sick man, in which she was accustomed to take her meals.

Hugh acted on his instructions, and found the page waiting to admit him secretly to the house. Leading the way upstairs, the boy pointed with one hand to a door on the second floor, and held out the other hand to receive his money. While he pocketed the bribe, and disappeared, Mountjoy opened the door.

Mrs. Vimpany was seated at a table waiting for her dinner. When Hugh showed himself she started to her feet with a cry of alarm.

"Are you mad?" she exclaimed. "How did you get here? What do you want here? Don't come near me!"

She attempted to pass Hugh on her way out of the room. He caught her by the arm, led her back to her chair, and forced her to seat herself again. "Iris is in trouble," he pleaded, "and you can help her."

"The fever!" she cried, heedless of what he had said. "Keep back from me—the fever!"

For the second time she tried to get out of the room. For the second time Hugh stopped her.

"Fever or no fever," he persisted, "I have something to say to you. In two minutes I shall have said it, and I will go."

In the fewest possible words he described the situation of Iris with her jealous husband. Mrs. Vimpany indignantly interrupted him.

"Are you running this dreadful risk," she asked, "with nothing to say to me that I don't know already? Her husband jealous of her? Of course he is jealous of her! Leave me—or I will ring for the servant."

"Ring, if you like," Hugh answered; "but hear this first. My letter to you alluded to a consultation between us, which might be necessary in the interests of Iris. Imagine her situation if you can! The assassin of Arthur Mountjoy is reported to be in London; and Lord Harry has heard of it."

Mrs. Vimpany looked at him with horror in her eyes.

"Gracious God!" she cried, "the man is here—under my care. Oh, I am not in the conspiracy to hide the wretch! I knew no more of him than you do when I offered to nurse him. The names that have escaped him, in his delirium, have told me the truth."

As she spoke, a second door in the room was opened. An old woman showed herself for a moment, trembling with terror. "He's breaking out again, nurse! Help me to hold him!"

Mrs. Vimpany instantly followed the woman into the bed-room. "Wait and listen," she said to Mountjoy—and left the door open.

The quick, fierce, muttering tones of a man in delirium were now fearfully audible. His maddened memory was travelling back over his own horrible life. He put questions to himself: he answered himself:

"Who drew the lot to kill the traitor? I did! I did! Who shot him on the road, before he could get to the wood? I did! I did! Arthur Mountjoy, traitor to Ireland. Set that on his tombstone, and disgrace him for ever. Listen, boys—listen! There is a patriot among you. I am the patriot—preserved by a merciful Providence. Ha, my Lord Harry, search the earth and search the sea, the patriot is out of your reach! Nurse! What's that the doctor said of me? The fever will kill him? Well, what does that matter, as long as Lord Harry doesn't kill me? Open the doors, and let everybody hear of it. I die the death of a saint—the greatest of all saints—the saint who shot Arthur Mountjoy. Oh, the heat, the heat, the burning raging heat!"

The tortured creature burst into a dreadful cry of rage and pain. It was more than Hugh's resolution could support. He hurried out of the house.

Ten days passed. A letter, in a strange handwriting, reached Iris at Passy.

The first part of the letter was devoted to the Irish desperado, whom Mrs. Vimpany had attended in his illness.

When she only knew him as a suffering fellow-creature she had promised to be his nurse. Did the discovery that he was an assassin justify desertion, or even excuse neglect? No! the nursing art, like the healing art, is an act of mercy—in itself too essentially noble to inquire whether the misery that it relieves merits help. All that experience, all that intelligence, all that care could offer, the nurse gave to the man whose hand she would have shrunk from touching in friendship, after she had saved his life.

A time had come when the fever threatened to take Lord Harry's vengeance out of his hands. The crisis of the disease declared itself. With the shadow of death on him, the wretch lived through it — saved by his strong constitution, and by the skilled and fearless woman who attended on him. At the period of his convalescence, friends from Ireland (accompanied by a medical man of their own choosing) presented themselves at the house,

A NEW YEAR'S EVENING DRESS.

and asked for him by the name under which he passed—Carrigeen. With every possible care he was removed; to what destination had never been discovered. From that time all trace of him had been lost.

Terrible news followed on the next page.

The subtle power of infection had asserted itself against the poor mortal who had defied it. Hugh Mountjoy, stricken by the man who had murdered his brother, lay burning under the scarlet fire of the fever.

But the nurse watched by him, night and day.

(To be continued.)

Fatal Football Accident.—Lieutenant Lyon, of the Somerset Regiment, stationed at Aldershot, who was injured during a football match at Weston-super-Mare on Monday week, expired in hospital last Sunday, not having regained consciousness since the accident. The deceased, who was twenty-two years of age, was the eldest son of the Rev. Gilbert Lyon, Rector of Blagdon, Somerset. The cause of death was concussion of the brain and internal hæmorrhage.

The Eastern Telegraph Company and its affiliated societies, which owe their excellent working to Sir John Pender and Sir James Anderson and their remarkably efficient staffs, form the true links which are each day confederating Greater Britain and Australasia and the Cape Colonies. We are seasonably reminded of the Imperial service rendered by the Eastern Telegraph Company by the interesting chart of ocean cables printed on its handy paper-knife map of the world.

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What HUDSON'S
Will do in an hour.
Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep a good colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Was not that fire at the Industrial Home at Forest-gate a sad beginning to the New Year? The poor little children! Well, they do not seem to have suffered much; so that is a consolation, as far as it goes, and, as far as the poor little fellows themselves are concerned, they are

Better Off.

Many of them were orphans; I believe they were all paupers; and, alas! the world is now too full to have room and work for those who have neither money nor friends. But those facts have nothing to do with the fact of the accident, which ought not to have taken place!

I meant last week to write about children and Sunday, but had not space; so we will have our talk this week instead. I am afraid, in spite of the decided growth of common-sense in the matter of

Sunday Observance

in England, that the first day of the week is still made, in many households, a day of penance and pain to the little ones. There is no doubt in my mind that what some people call the "wave of infidelity" now passing over this country is entirely owing to the rigid manner in which the children who are

Men and Women

now were brought up. It used to be the custom—I am sorry to say it is still the custom in some families—to put away on Saturday all the toys, picture- and story-books, because children must not have any amusement on Sunday, as amusement means the breaking of the Fourth Commandment! Poor little things! Is it any wonder that, as soon as they grow up, their bitter grudge against the day on which they were always

Miserable

breaks out into open revolt, and they say if religion means gloom and perpetual church-going we will have none of it? Sunday should be to the little ones a sort of weekly festival. Some specially fascinating toys and story-books, and games—yes, games—should be kept for Sundays. Children ought to look forward to Sunday almost as much as they look forward to

Christmas Day,

as the treat of the week. They would then find some pleasure in learning a hymn or a collect—the Church Catechism I should reserve as a mode of punishment for very naughty or refractory little boys and girls; but I should only resort to it in extreme cases. I once read a very amusing story of a little boy who was brought up on the

Old-Fashioned System.

All his toys and picture-books were put away on Saturday night, except a Noah's Ark; that being a Bible toy he was allowed to have it on Sunday to play with; and, not being one of the advanced children of the present day (the very babies are scientific now), it did not occur to him to wonder why all the men, women, and animals were not

Smothered,

living, as they did, with no ventilation except that supplied by one small window. Well, the little man was seemingly very well contented with his Biblical toy; but his mother, on going into the nursery to see how he was getting on, was horrified to find that by some means or another he had had access to his toys, and helped himself to a little pony carriage. When mamma appeared he was drawing it along in great glee up and down the nursery floor. Much scandalised, she desired the little fellow to put the carriage away at once, as it was not a Sunday toy; but, looking up at her, certain he had found an orthodox excuse, he explained that it was all right, as he was only giving

Mr. and Mrs. Noah

a drive! Poor little fellow! Conscious that there was something very wrong in playing with his weekday toy on the Sunday, he hit upon the clever expedient of giving the master and mistress of the Ark a Sabbath airing! It is another terrible mistake to give passages in the Bible to be learned as a punishment for naughtiness of any kind. By-and-by, when the young people are grown up, they will probably hear the book which was made

Odious in their Sight

when they were children talked down, written down, explained away, as I may say, by clever critics. Do you suppose they will feel inclined to defend it? By no means, when they remember the weary hours and the many tears it cost them while still in the nursery. If any of you would like to see the effect of strict teaching of the

Calvinistic Order

upon young and impressionable minds, get a little book lately brought out by a young girl, called "The Preacher of St. Justin's," and read therein what happens. The picture is a very sad one, but it is not overdrawn.

I saw a very pretty little book, the other day, for a child who has a

Colour Box

and is fond of painting. I think the name is "The Palette Picture-Book." It is shaped just like a palette, with a hole for the thumb, and little dabs of paint upon the cover, just as you see them on a real palette. Inside are pictures, coloured, with duplicates for the little artist to work up.

From the *Lady's Pictorial* of Jan. 4 I give, this week, a Sketch of an

Evening Dress

which was recently designed for a customer by Messrs. Russell and Allen, of Bond-street. The low bodice is made of rich black silk, so arranged that the whole front consists of a large butterfly of sparkling jet. On each shoulder are very high bows of black moiré ribbon, and in one of the bows there is a jet butterfly. The front of the skirt is of the same silk as the bodice, and here and there are placed different-sized jet butterflies, while from waist to hem there is a full veiling of black tulle. The back is arranged with a train of the tulle ornamented by loops and long ends of ribbons. This dress is, of course, to be worn as half-mourning, and a more effective combination of silk, tulle, and jet it is impossible to imagine.

MARGUERITE.

A Twickenham Mystery.—The body found in the Thames at Cross Deep, Twickenham, on Friday, Jan. 3, was identified on Sunday as that of Captain Harry Richmond, a retired military officer, who left his home in Marylebone some six weeks ago, since which time his whereabouts had remained a mystery.

Fighting in Burmah. — The column from Bhamo sent against Tonhon has had some fighting with the rebels. Tonhon, which was strongly stockaded, was captured by the Hampshire Regiment and the Gocrkhas after the village had been shelled. One private of the Hampshire Regiment and a native officer were killed. Four men of the Hampshire Regiment and three Sepoys were wounded. All the roads round Tonhon are infested with rebels. Fever is very prevalent among the Chin field force, a large proportion of the troops under Brigadier-General Symons's command being disabled.

Wreck of a British Yacht.—A telegram received at Portsmouth last Monday from Gibraltar states: "The British yacht Inva has arrived, and reports having struck off Trafalgar on Friday evening, Jan. 3, but got off without assistance. She leaks slightly. Ten of the crew are missing, having left in two boats." The Inva (formerly the Argo) is a steam-yacht of 250 tons, and belongs to Mr. Pascoe Du Pré Grenfell of Wilton Park, Beaconsfield, who purchased her from Count Stroganoff in August last. She was refitted at Gosport last autumn, and left the harbour on the 2nd ult. for the Mediterranean, where her owner had arranged to join her. She carried a crew of eighteen all told, most of whom belong to Gosport.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

THE QUEEN will not open Parliament in person next month. Although otherwise in excellent health, her Majesty has been suffering for some time past from rheumatism, so that she cannot undertake the fatigue and exposure which the ceremony would entail.

The Queen will probably return to Windsor from Osborne on Tuesday, Feb. 18, where, except for a couple of brief visits to Buckingham Palace, her Majesty will remain until March 25 or 26, when she is to proceed to Italy for a month.

Prince Albert Victor received a hearty welcome on his arrival at Calcutta on the 3rd inst. The day was made a public holiday, and enormous crowds turned out to witness the landing and procession to Government House. In reply to an address of welcome, the Prince remarked how much he had been struck during his tour by the manifestations of affection and devotion to the Queen and Empress.

The total number of letters and telegrams congratulating Mr. Gladstone on the attainment of his eightieth birthday which have reached Hawarden Castle has reached 3000.

Mrs. Gladstone celebrated on Monday her seventy-eighth birthday. She resembles Lady Palmerston, says the *Daily News*, in retaining at an advanced age great physical and mental vigour. Probably in the present day no lady of seventy-eight has done more public work than Mrs. Gladstone. She has accompanied her husband in his political tours, has stimulated the activity of Women's Liberal Associations in all parts of the country, and has shown deep interest in many social movements.

The Marquis of Hartington, who was last week the guest of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham, and on Monday accompanied H.R.H. to Merton, is about to proceed to the Riviera, and he will remain abroad until the meeting of Parliament.

The Prince of Wales is like the *P.I.P.* H.R.H. likes to hear both sides. In addition to Lord Hartington, Sir Henry James and other Unionist leaders were at Sandringham last week, and Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Arnold Morley, and other Gladstonian notables have since been among the Prince's visitors.

The Prince of Wales is expected to visit Cannes somewhere about the 20th inst.

The Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud remain at present at Sandringham House.

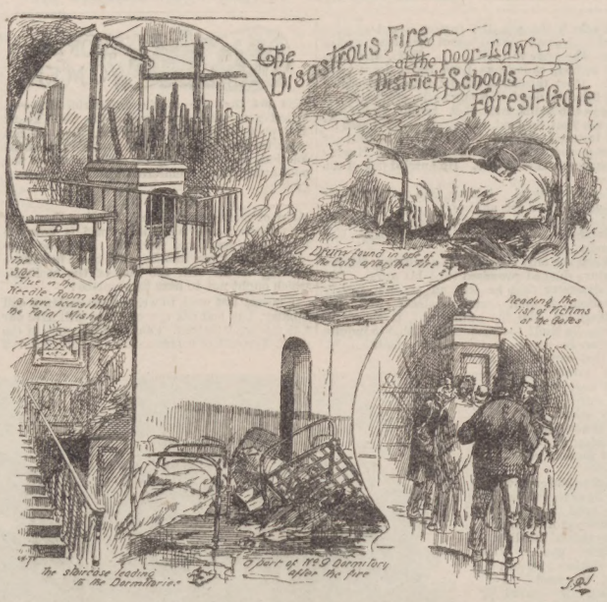
Prince George of Wales on Monday left Sandringham for Didlington Hall, near Brandon, Norfolk, on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Tyssen-Amherst, where his Royal Highness will remain during the week.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife concluded their visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales on Monday, and returned to Castle Rising.

The Marquis of Salisbury continued, when we went to press, to make satisfactory progress towards recovery, but his medical advisers insisted on the necessity of avoiding fatigue and exposure.

Mr. W. H. Smith was busy at Downing-street on Monday. Mr. Stanhope also resumed his duties at the War Office.

The influenza epidemic has been raging vigorously on the Continent, and in Paris several are reported to have died of it in one day, and at Vienna the workmen's sick benefit clubs have become bankrupt. The Empress Augusta, grandmother of the reigning German Sovereign, has caught the complaint. The extent to which the disease has made its appearance in England is not easy to gauge. A *Pall Mall Gazette* interviewer, who called round at London banks and offices, came to the conclusion that its ravages were much exaggerated. That the Prime Minister has been a victim there can be no doubt, and he has passed it on to two of his private secretaries. It is stated that, so far, Birmingham is the most afflicted of provincial towns.



The gallantry and death of Hugo Greve, at the age of sixteen, are worthy to be placed on record. The boy rescued four companions who had fallen through some ice at Hamburg, but was himself drowned.

The Patti season at Chicago (twenty-one performances) realised £46,000.

A Mrs. Lancaster, believed to be the oldest person in England, has just died at Mansfield, aged 108. Her husband died forty years ago. This lady must have had an annuity.

The German Emperor has sent to Sir Evelyn Wood a sword of honour, the hilt of which is richly studded with diamonds, bearing on one side the monogram "W. R.," and on the reverse the Imperial crown. On his visit to this country his Imperial Majesty spoke in terms of high praise of the working of the troops he reviewed on Aug. 7.

Addressing a jury at the Poplar Townhall on Monday, Mr. Wynne E. Baxter, the Coroner for East London, said that in the course of the day he had held four inquests, and in each case poverty had hastened death. As to the system of outdoor relief, which a juror declared was rotten to the core, Mr. Baxter affirmed that those really in need were not reached, while those with a glib tongue and brazen manner obtained what was not meant for them. It was a pity that the inquests were not held in Eaton-square, so that the rich of the West-End might see how the poor of the East-End existed.

Three strikes were commenced on the 6th inst. At Cardiff the whole of the ballast men employed at the East Dock came out to enforce a demand for a penny per hour more than they have been paid during the last eight years. Many men were thrown out of work at Middlesbrough owing to the platers and helpers at various shipyards striking for an increase of pay. A number of firebrick workers in the Stourbridge district are also on strike. Meanwhile the South London Gas Strike shows no sign of ending.

Barely had the New Year come into existence when one of the saddest conflagrations of modern times occurred near London, yielding some melancholy subjects for Illustration in the *Penny Illustrated Paper*. The Forest Gate Industrial Schools, which accommodate pauper children from Whitechapel and Poplar, were on Wednesday morning, Jan. 1, the scene of a calamitous fire. Shortly after midnight smoke was discovered issuing from the lower portions of a building jutting out from the main block, on the upper floors of which were dormitories for ninety children. Eighty-four boys were actually sleeping in the building, and of these fifty-eight were rescued, the remaining twenty-six being either suffocated or burned to death, in spite of the exertions of the officials to save them. The building where the fire originated was destroyed: but the main block was not seriously damaged. The fire is attributed to the pipe from the stove in the store-room becoming overheated.

"I have been a fireman seventeen years," remarked a member of the Salvage Corps to a Press representative, "and I have never seen such a fire as this. The smoke was something awful, and as the fire was not fierce enough to break the windows it was all of it confined to the rooms. We could not stand up in it. We had to creep in on our hands and knees, and feel about on the beds for the bodies of the boys. All the time they kept a steady stream of water playing above our heads. The first time I crawled in I seized two boys, and took one under each arm. Outside I caught my foot in a hose and tumbled down half a dozen steps. The boys fell on the top of my chest, and one of them exclaimed 'Oh!' That was the only sound of life that I heard. The next pair of boys I fetched out were lying under their beds, and were quite dead. The fire was a most difficult one to get at, and the place was not what we call 'safe' until three o'clock."

The acting chaplain, the Rev. Dean Cowan, F.R.G.S., had a trying New Year's Day in the institution, for amid the Christmas decorations and all the pretty thoughts and hopeful sentences that are put upon the walls at this festive season, to him and to other ministers fell the duty of comforting the afflicted and soothing the bereaved. To the poor little lads the end must have been mercifully swift; almost literally, it came to them like a thief in the night, for with one or two exceptions they were found dead in their beds, says the *Daily News*' correspondent, who records a few acts of heroism such as our Artist illustrates.

The twenty-six little victims of the fire at the Forest Gate District School were buried last Monday at the West Ham Cemetery, and the event was made the occasion of a great demonstration of public sympathy. Thousands of spectators witnessed the sad ceremony, and an immense number of wreaths—one from a distant part of the country—were sent by friends and strangers. Representatives of the Government and of the various local authorities were present.

The fire at the Palace of Laeken was not completely extinguished till last Saturday afternoon. The calcined remains of Madame Drancourt, the governess of Princess Clémentine, were found in the morning in the ruins near the peristyle. The unfortunate lady was sixty-three years of age. It is now certain that the fire broke out in the chimney of one of the underground rooms of the palace, where some water was being boiled. The Queen of the Belgians, who has been deeply affected by the destruction of the castle, is somewhat indisposed.

"THERE IS UNQUESTIONABLY" no better remedy in the whole world for all cough and throat troubles than KEATING'S LOZENGES—any medical man will assure you of this fact. Relief is speedy; they contain no strong-acting, but only simple, drugs: the most delicate can take them. Sold everywhere, in 13½d. Tins.—[ADVT.]

"Harrison, sturdy but not big, came out of the smoke dragging an urchin by each hand."—Special Correspondent of the *Daily News*.

"I heard Jack say he'd go back for Tommy. He said, 'I'm agoin' to give my life up. I am agoin' back.'"—Special Correspondent of the *Daily News*.

YOUNG HEROES OF THE FOREST GATE FIRE.

THE RACING WORLD

Volumes in Favour of Influenza's

moderation in visiting us bipeds are spoken when we find professional wags obliged to go back years and years in *Punch's* back volumes before they can find their original jokes on the subject. So far, no one has quoted or assimilated the old man's wheeze—how singularly fitting a word is this little slangism in this connection!—giving one horsey man's opinion of another horsey man's luck, which number one thinks might have been worse had number two's horse caught influenza instead of number one himself. Of late years few owners of racehorses have found consolation of this sort. We have suffered many epidemics of the disease, or its near connections, in past winters, while the trouble formerly so prevalent—or shall I write fashionable?—with us has almost dropped out of recognised ailments classed as inconvenient, though not generally dangerous. Of many bad winters

1889 was the Worst

known for a long while, though almost every winter had its melancholy tale of young horses ruined before they started racing life, old ones put back a stone or so in form, and sound racers left so weakened in the lungs that when apparently restored to health they quickly developed roaring. This season

Influenza Caught the Horses First

and the men afterwards, and gave the former a bad time of it, though so far it has not done much serious damage. I wonder whether the bookmakers sit down and count probabilities or possibilities of this sort in estimating the odds against Derby horses. If they do, perhaps what appear to be the liberal odds laid against the Derby favourites may be explained, because two of them are in one stable, and three trained at Newmarket. If the epidemic were to be really serious at headquarters, no doubt ill luck would guide it to the attack on what are called the public horses. Surefoot is away in Berkshire; but, unless a stable shuts itself quite off from communication with racecourses, it is very difficult to avoid any contagious or infectious disease that is prevalent. A great source of danger was the use of public conveyances for racing stock; but that is almost wiped out now, because the swell stables, as a rule, have enough horse-boxes for their own purposes—at any rate for the cracks—and they are careful not to send the inferiors about to meetings. Still, let the managers be as vigilant as they may,

These Diseases Spread like Wildfire.

Last year some of our trainers were sorely exercised about the American disease called pink-eye. If you ask a Yankee or other "Amurrican" what this mysterious complaint is, he will tell you that

Pink-eye is Measles.

It may be. I can testify of my own experience that horses down with it have many of the symptoms peculiar to, or I might say shared by, measles—and I am in position to speak with some authority on our measles, because I distinguished myself by passing through three severe attacks of the complaint. I once saw a stable in California—the Palo Alto: it was owned by Mr. Stanford, formerly Governor of the State—where all the horses making the racing (galloping) stock were down, many of them literally down, with pink-eye. Not half a mile from the boxes where the racers, as we understand the word, were located

Two Hundred Thousand Pounds' Worth

of trotters were in the best of good health, and, so far as I can hear, never caught the trouble from the other "racers." That has always struck me as very remarkable indeed, especially when we consider how readily such complaints are communicated over here. They get about as fast and as surely

As Secrets are Advertised

as a rule. Talking of secrets, I am reminded that these do not always become public property and spread in every direction like yeast. Never was secret better kept than the ownership of Goldseeker. Everyone knew that Mr. Rosebery Smith was credited with the management of the horse who was so well placed in 1888, and whose

Success was practically a Misfortune

in the City and Suburban. Mr. James Smith disclaimed ownership. That being so, quidnuncs looked about for some close connection of that gentleman on whom to fix proprietorship. All manner of sporting men were quoted, but at last Rumour was given credit for forsaking her generally mendacious ways, and Messrs. Steel and Peech, or one of them, accepted as the

Mysterious Mr. Leybourne,

whose colours Goldseeker, Hibernian, and others carried. Great was the surprise, then, when official announcement was made that the brothers George and James Meadows had declared themselves owners of the excellent but dreadfully mismanaged horse Goldseeker and others recently trained at Pimperne by Walters. Messrs. Meadows have bought the training establishment at Heddington, near Calne, where, if I recollect aright, Teddy Brayley used to keep horses. Mr. James will train the family's geese there, and, I believe, also those of the formidable school who not so long ago discarded George Clements for Walters.

My Friends in Buenos Ayres,

who last autumn took out a stud of racers to the Argentine Republic, write me that they may be expected here before February. They have not won a race so far, though

They Gave £10,000 a Chance

in the speculation, and, as the racing season ended at Christmas, were not likely to see their money back before they left. I believe that the moral to be drawn from their failure is that if you want to get anything at racing in foreign parts you must allow plenty of time for that operation. Unless you do you find that just as you are giving up the game you are getting at the true inwardness of the business, and mastering the ins and outs of what at first did not appear worth studying, but is in practice so very important. The natives, or what I may call permanent settlers, over there

Have Kept all the Prizes.

As they bought our horses and of the French so liberally, we may not grudge them their present monopoly. As yet they have not got back a quarter of the price paid for their stock. Practically it does not much matter, from a broad point of view, which of them win or lose, because, whether English or French thoroughbreds were brought to the country, or they raced among themselves with the goods they had in stock, the prize-money merely goes from one hand to another. I believe their great ambition is to

Make Us Pay with Interest

for their investments by breeding stock to win our big races, and so in a manner have us hoist with our own petard. If they do find something to carry off our rich stakes we may not complain. They bought liberally enough. The only hope I have in the matter is that, if one of Ormonde's get turns out the appointed animal to peg us back,

The Duke of Westminster may be Second.

Business is business. Similarly, sentiment is sentiment. Likewise, business and sentiment are not easily exchangeable terms. Business—that is to say, realising the best price for what can be sold—is one thing. Sentiment, such as the romance written round the Arab and steed, of which couple the former is a barncooper, or the spirit which prompted Chevalier Ginestrelli to say that he would not take

Ten or Fifty Thousand Pounds

for Signorina is quite foreign to business, and is a luxury far too expensive for poor men. His Grace of Westminster is a very rich man indeed, and the

fields or downs, watching the beaters drive and the dogs work, and, if it were a private course, perhaps galloping to keep the longtails and the shorttail in sight, the new sort took their coursing in the congenial atmosphere of the betting-ring. The majority attended the meetings for the

Sole Purpose of Betting,

and did not care twopence for the points of the dogs' make and shape, or the points they scored in their courses. In other ways, beside lowering the sport's tone, the enclosed business told against the right sample. Hares, it was found, would not breed in captivity, or what is almost the same thing, so the constant drain caused by killing them in the "parks" necessitated liberal recruiting. To this end, whole districts, where formerly local folk enjoyed themselves two or three times a season in open meetings, were

Swept Clean of Every Hare

that could be bought or stolen. However, I will not pursue this unfortunate epoch in the sport's history further, except to note that while at Kempton Park, Gosforth, Haydock, and elsewhere the game has been pronounced a losing one by the companies who tried it as a matter of business, and birdcage coursing is much about dead, we shall have to wait some time before the other kind recovers itself. I have not seen a quotation on the Waterloo Cup this year, nor in December either. Want of speculation on that big event is due to the way in which big men's big money swamped ordinary owners. Colonel North's too too strong hand frightened most people from subscribing to the great enclosed stakes, because the Colonel has bought up a whole string of the best public performers. At present, others are afraid to support their own nominations, because they expect something that Colonel North runs to beat them. The outside public cannot tell which nomination

This Coursing Cresus

will fill, or which string will be the favoured one. Accordingly, they hold aloof. Just lately coursing has been extremely unlucky. Our intermittent spells of frost and fog have occurred unfortunately for the meetings, and quite a long catalogue might be made of postponed or abandoned fixtures for whose misfortunes frost was responsible. While nearly all other dog-owners are grumbling at the muzzling order, proprietors of the longtails do not complain. For years some of these have kept their dogs muzzled in what may be called private life. In properly training them utmost exactness is observed in the weight and time of feeding. All the care might be thrown away if greyhounds in training were allowed to go unmuzzled, for they would pick up all manner of garbage. Another reason is that cases of malicious poisoning have been frequent.

more one thinks of his vast wealth the more one who happens to be a sportsman regrets that Ormonde, roarer or whatever else he may be, was permitted to go out of this country. We know that the late owner still holds Ormonde's sire, and did well in selling Doncaster and relying on his son Bend Or. All the same, it is a pity he had not kept the long-legged champion, who I am quite sure

Would have earned more at the Stud

in four years than his purchase money right out. Roaring is a defect which frequently is transmitted in breeding; but it does not necessarily descend generation by generation. In fact, some of our best and soundest horses have been bred and inbred to the blood of roarers. Unpleasant as the thaw was to most of us, it was welcomed by our trainers, who have an eye on early spring engagements, not to mention later contests. Though it made nearly all the grounds sloppy and slippery, and fast work almost as much out of the question as while the turf was iron hard with icy grip, the fraternity rejoiced exceedingly at the alteration. What managers of steeplechase meetings to come off in the next week or two would have done without it goodness only knows. Not being goodness, I do *not* know.

Coursing.

Perhaps the best event possible for coursing's estate was the all-round failure of enclosed grounds, sometimes called birdcages. When Mr. Case, at Plumpton, invented the park system, it seemed likely to do for the old-fashioned or open sport altogether. Unfortunately, it appealed to the sympathies of classes quite different from the main body of old-time coursers. Instead of following the greyhounds about

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.—LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—[ADVT.]

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

AFTER the horrible fogs, the splendid weather prevailing in the country on Saturday last was exhilarating in the extreme. Such an afternoon is utterly wasted if not spent in the open air, and I was fortunate enough to be in possession of an invitation from the oldest of paper-chasing clubs, the

Thames Hare and Hounds,

to witness the decision of a club steeplechase on Barnes Common. Our English commons, with their furze, gorse, heather, and bracken, are *sui generis*, and we have much to be thankful for in being the possessors of these breezy public playgrounds in such profusion throughout the country. The Thames Hare and Hounds, since its institution

Twenty-Two Years Ago

or more, has had for its happy hunting-ground one of the largest and certainly the best known of these commons—viz. that of Wimbledon, in the Roehampton corner of which nestles their old-fashioned headquarters, the King's Head, the occasions when they hold their runs or races from any other starting-point being few, and always marked by some special feature. Such an exception was that of Saturday last, when, at the invitation of the

Founder of the Club,

Mr. W. Rye, a mile and a half steeplechase was held on Barnes Common. This, like most commons, looks perfectly flat when viewed from a distance, and it is only when one traverses the remoter portions of it that one discovers how very fallacious are appearances. A more severe course than the half-mile of very broken ground lying in the south-eastern corner of the common, which had to be twice traversed, I have never seen employed for the purpose, and certainly no horse could have negotiated it, and the sudden thaw had left the unjumpable ravines and ditches full of water and broken ice.

We proceeded by omnibus from Winchester House, the sole remaining architectural relic of old Putney and the residence of Mr. Rye, to the course, naturally creating much excitement in the neighbourhood, eager spectators springing out of the earth, apparently, at the appearance of our flags upon various small hill-tops. Our runners, like the children in the oft-recited poem, were only seven, but most of them were the heroes of many a well-fought race across country. *La Grippe* was answerable for the smallness of the field, among those suffering from the malady being P. H. Stenning, who was Cross-country Champion

Four Years in Succession.

Over such a course it was not at all easy to make a satisfactory handicap, but Messrs. Taylor and Lloyd-Roberts (the hon. sec.) did their work with such judgment that there was a good race all the way. Some years ago the T. H. and H. races were noted for the prominence in them of one of the Wilson family, and on this occasion one of them, M. Wilson, was once again successful. As he had not won a race for four years, it was a popular victory. The race for second place was so keen all the way that the competitors plunged blindly into all the deepest pools. It was secured by A. Lawless, by a few yards only from R. Rye, whose heroic days in the direction of cross-country running are just commencing, seeing that he is but seventeen. I was amused to hear him express his contempt for such short races, although I ought to know something of the pleasure (and benefit, let me add, anxious parents) of a ten-mile spin across hunting country.

The Skaters' Boom

of 1890 was very near coming at last, after so many hopes deferred. As I write it is spring, whatever it may be in the next twelve hours, but the lucky Dutchmen just managed to bring off their Amsterdam meeting, which, by the way, was confined to amateurs. To the capital of Holland this meeting is, to the Netherlanders, our Derby Day and Oxford and Cambridge boat-race rolled into one. It is also splendidly managed, Baron De Salis being a semi-autocrat who puts his power to the best of uses. Let no one think that these things are not understood on the Continent. The Amsterdam course is shaped like a magnet, only very much drawn out. Competitors start at one end and finish at the other, thus getting a wide sweep for turning. Great preparations had been made by the chief skaters, one having spent some time in the Engadine, where skating began about the end of November. The champion, Panschin of Russia, was to make his last appearance before final retirement, and the skating club had offered a huge prize, valued at £84, for anyone winning three out of the four races, which were half a mile, one mile, two miles, and five miles. The Dutch are pre-eminently

Sprint Skaters,

and, in skating, half a mile is only what a long sprint is in running. This race was won by K. Pander of Haarlem, in the fast time of 1 min. 22 3-5 sec., closely pressed by a Norwegian skater, Norseng. Panschin could not do himself justice in this race, owing to his illness, and he did not start again. Another fine skater, Godager, was also ill, and could not do his best. On Saturday the one-mile race was decided, but on inferior ice, water lying upon the surface. This was a

Repetition of the Half-Mile,

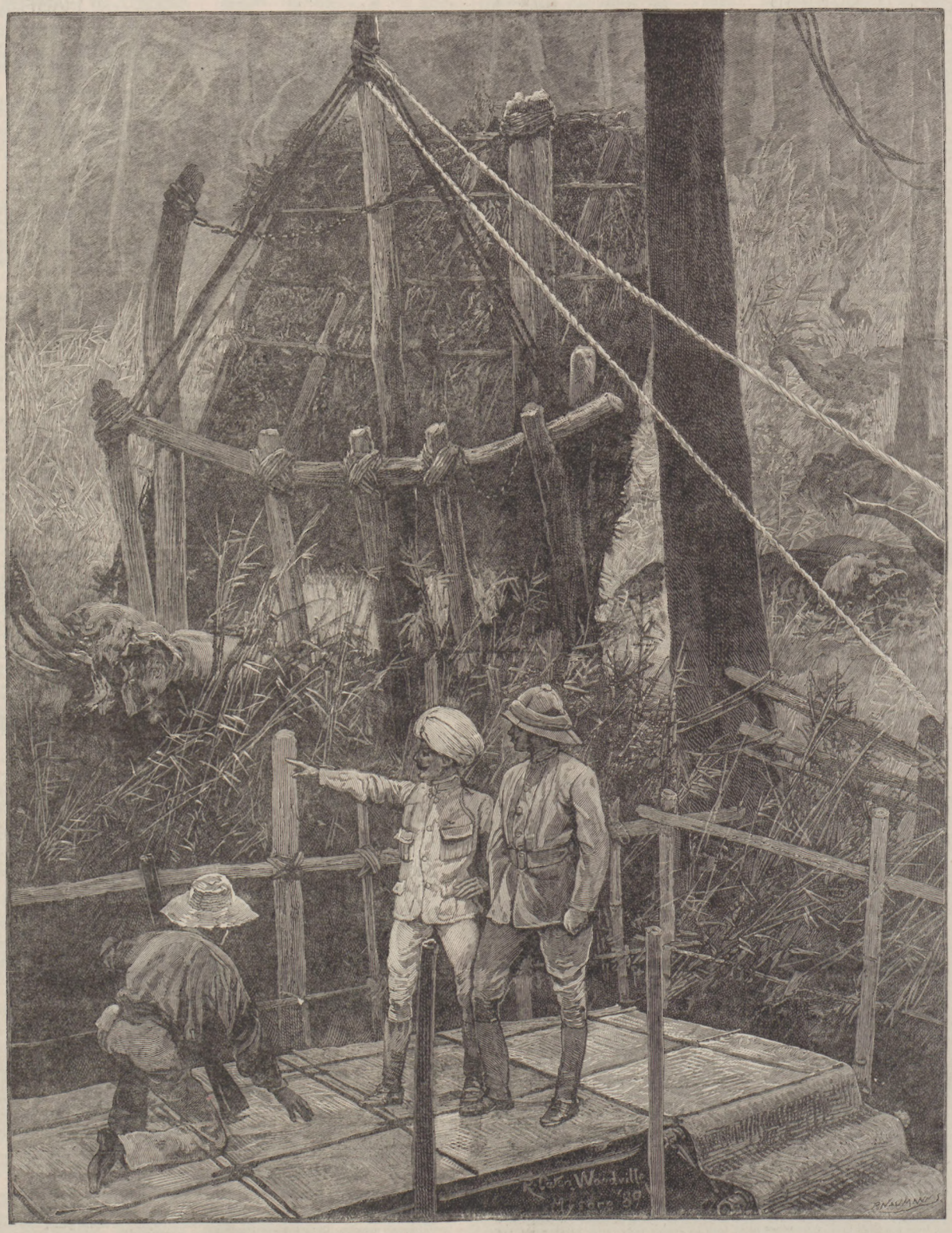
Pander being again first and Norseng second. Time 3 min. 6 sec., which is fairly good only, and some thirteen seconds behind record. No doubt the falling-off from the half-mile time is to be accounted for by the state of the ice.

A victory in the two miles would have given Pander the magnificent trophy, but the extra mile served Norseng, and he won in 6 min. 25 sec., Pander having to put up with second place, more than eight seconds behind.

The five-mile race on Sunday naturally enough went also to Norseng, whose forte is evidently staying, that of Pander being speed. Norseng's time was 16 min. 46 3-5 sec., on ice that was not at its best. He won easily. As he and Pander both won two events each, it follows that no one could claim the splendid challenge cup. To win this a skater who can combine first-rate speed with staying powers of a high order will have to make his appearance, supposing the class of competitors to be always as good as they have been last year and this.

BANSHEE.

NO MORE DEAF.—Nicholson's Patented Artificial Ear Drums cure deafness and noises in the head in all stages. 80-page Illustrated Book, with full description, free.—Address, DR. NICHOLSON, 21, Bedford-sq., London, W.C.—[ADVT.]



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN INDIA: CATCHING WILD ELEPHANTS AT THE GOVERNMENT KHEDAH, IN THE MYSORE DISTRICT.

CARRYING on with youthful vigour that practical education which the Prince of Wales has sagaciously recommended to qualify his elder son to fulfil with credit his exalted position, Prince Albert Victor is making a wide acquaintance with men and cities in the Far East. He seems to skip with such rapidity, indeed, from India to Burmah, and from Mandalay to Calcutta, that he almost appears to be conducting his present grand tour with rather too much haste. Be that as it may, we are happy to hear that the young Prince is thoroughly enjoying himself. It is satisfactory, also, to think that the geniality Prince Albert Victor has inherited is securing for him new friends wherever he goes.

In the recent tour of Prince Albert Victor of Wales in Southern India, his Royal Highness was the guest of the Maharajah of Mysore. The most notable incidents were a visit to Seringapatam and other scenes of historical interest in the neighbourhood, and his presence in the Maharajah's encampment during the operations for the capture of wild elephants. The Prince inspected the tombs of Hyder Ali and Tippoo, Colonel Baillie and other British officers, and proceeded thence to visit Tippoo's famous garden house, the walls of the central room of which are covered with quaint native frescoes depicting Hyder's victory over the British troops, with Colonel Bailie, giving the orders of command, seated in a palanquin.

The Prince then minutely inspected the fort, which is in complete ruins, though the chief points of interest, the breach and the spot where Tippoo fell, have been carefully marked. From Seringapatam Prince Albert Victor went by special train to Mysore. The city was splendidly illuminated, and a State banquet was given in his Royal Highness's honour. The Maharajah proposed the Prince's health in graceful terms, to which the Prince responded. On Nov. 24 the Maharajah drove the Prince in his drag to the elephant camp, a distance of fifty miles.

They proceeded to the scene of operations, and witnessed a drove of thirty-five elephants successfully captured and stockaded. Next day the Prince was present while the elephants were being tied up. An infuriated female elephant approached dangerously near his Royal Highness, but was driven off by the officer in charge. The following day was devoted to bison-shooting, in which the Prince succeeded in wounding a bull while preparing to charge. On Nov. 29 the Prince laid the foundation-stone of the Maharajah's college, and then started for Bangalore.

THE INFLUENZA DEMON DOES NOT SPARE LORD SALISBURY IN HIS HATFIELD LABORATORY.

GREAT BRITAIN AND PORTUGAL.

EER the baleful epidemic of influenza confined Lord Salisbury to his room at Hatfield (stopping for the time being his Lordship's chemical experiments in his laboratory), the Prime Minister had the satisfaction of knowing that Portugal was in a fair way of being brought to book for the truculence of Major Serpa Pinto on the Zambesi. The Premier lost no time in calling the Portuguese Government to account, and in directing a much-needed naval demonstration against the Portuguese port in Delagoa Bay, East Africa.

H.M.S. RALEIGH, ORDERED TO DELAGOA BAY.

Of the three British ships of war which have been sent to Delagoa Bay, the Raleigh (of which we print a photograph) is the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Wells, commanding the Cape and West Coast of Africa station. The Raleigh, Captain H. Wilmot Fawkes, is a second-class cruiser of 5200 tons, and carries twenty-four guns, of which eight are 90-cwt., eight 6-in. 81-cwt., and eight 5-in. 38-cwt. guns, together with twelve machine and four light guns. She was built at Chatham in 1873. The Curaçoa is a third-class screw cruiser of 2380 tons, Captain R. W. Stopford. She carries four 6-in. 5-ton guns, eight 5-in. 40-cwt. guns, one 3-pounder quick-firing, nine machine, and two light guns.

The Brisk, Commander A. J. Winsloe, is a twin screw torpedo-cruiser of the third-class, of 1770 tons. She carries six 6-in. 5-ton guns, eight 3-pounder quick-firing, two machine, and one light guns. Our Illustrations of two of these ships are from photographs by Messrs. Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.

Several more electric lighting accidents are reported from the United States. In New York the down-town station of the Edison Electric Lighting Company caught fire, and was completely destroyed, entailing a loss of £20,000 upon the company. The station occupied two four-storey buildings, and supplied electricity to 18,000 incandescent lamps. The fire may have been caused by sparks from a dynamo.

NEWS FROM DR. PETERS.

THE Emin Pasha Relief Committee at Berlin has received a telegram from Herr Clements Denhardt, at Zanzibar, stating that he recently received at Lamu letters from Dr. Peters addressed to the committee. Dr. Peters was on his way from Mount Kenia to Lake Baringo.

MAJOR WISSMANN'S MISSION.

A TELEGRAM to Berlin from Zanzibar states that the attack made on Dec. 25 by one of Major Wissmann's scouting parties upon Bwana Heri's camp having been repulsed, with the loss of five killed and six wounded, Major Wissmann, at the head of 1500 men, on Jan. 5 stormed and destroyed the position of the Arab chief. The German loss was two whites and ten natives wounded.

EMIN PASHA'S ORIGIN.

LET us not forget the late General Gordon's faithful lieutenant, Emin Pasha, while offering homage to Stanley and Wissmann.

The Berlin *Norddeutsche* of Monday evening, referring to the news of Emin's convalescence, states that, according to a Protestant Baptismal Register at Neisse, in Silesia, he was christened on April 7, 1846, and received the names of Eduard Karl Oskar Theodor, and that he was confirmed there on Palm Sunday, April 1, 1855. This statement is not at all inconsistent with what is recorded on the Jewish Register at Neisse, which makes out that Emin's parents were Jews of that place, where he was born on March 28, 1840, so that he was six years old when he was baptised. A Happy New Year to Emin!

H.M.S. BRISK, ORDERED TO DELAGOA BAY.

YORK COUNTY HOSPITAL FANCY DRESS BALL.

A *P.I.P.* Artist happened to be in York early in the New Year. At the Assembly Rooms there, on the evening of the 2nd inst., about four hundred guests assembled in response to the call for aid. Never (according to our ubiquitous Artist) did a more brilliant assembly congregate than crowded the artistically decorated ball-room, and converted the place into a veritable fairy palace. He was evidently struck. Most animated and graceful (he continues) were the movements of the dancers as they performed, now a Scotch reel, now a minuet, then lapsing into the sober quadrille and the giddy waltz. But our Artist won't disclose the name of the fair Yorkshire lass with whom he probably danced galore, and whose fascinations, doubtless, transformed the ball into Fairyland for him.

CYCLE & CAMERA

MISS LENI writes me about a new Ladies' Cycling Club which has just been established, with head-quarters at Hammersmith—23, Broadway. It seems that several ladies belonging to clubs managed by men have found that "they are mere ciphers, and that their membership brings them no return in any way. They have therefore resolved" to form a club for themselves. The scheme has taken definite shape, numerous promises of support have been given, and the first meeting was held on Monday last. Club runs in the season, Cinderellas and musicals in the winter, are the pleasures held out to members. The subscription will be very moderate—Miss Leni does not give me the exact figures—and the colours of the club are green and gold.

I believe there is a Cycling Club for women in Washington, U.S.A., with seventy members. There is no reason why it should not succeed, unless the members are as exclusive in their entertainments as they are apparently going to be in their runs.

In common with other cycling journalists, I have had occasion to give credit where credit is due in praising the neat invention of Mr. Whitgreaves, whose Safety Attachment has been sent to me, and which I now illustrate.

WHITGREAVES'S SAFETY ATTACHMENT.

Appropriately enough, almost with Miss Leni's letter I have received a little pamphlet called "Hints to Lady Cyclers." Its titlepage shows its American origin. It was published in Peoria, Illinois, and is made up chiefly of extracts from cycling literature. I am amused to find among them some of my own sayings, in every case, whether quoted from the paper in which they appeared or from another by which they were borrowed, no credit being given directly to me. Still, this is what one always gets.

From this pamphlet a woman can find out what to wear, learn how to ride and take care of her machine, and discover some of the essential merits and virtues of the sport. Most of the hints she has seen before in one place or another, but it may prove useful to have them thus gathered together. Beside the practical information many commonplaces are included, and some startling facts, such as that "in England the Queen and Princess Beatrice have favoured the wheel by riding through the Windsor lanes on tricycles, and the amusement has become very popular among the ladies of the nobility."

From America, this time from Boston, has also come a Columbia Calendar, which I believe anyone can have for the asking. It is very neatly put up, with a firm back, and will stand on your desk, and there is a cycling quotation for every day in the year. It is brought out by the Pope Manufacturing Company, which is always trying something new in the advertising line. If you want one, write to 77, Franklin-street, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

The Cyclists' Club House prospectus is out. In fact, I can supply copies to any who wish them, though I would be very much obliged for a halfpenny stamp with the application. The Club House is to be run by a Limited Liability Company, and Directors have been appointed. But this has merely been done because it was necessary to have someone responsible for the undertaking, and no single individual would think of accepting the responsibility of renting desirable rooms, furnishing them, and running a club which, in its earliest stages, necessarily was without a single member. Nor did the promoters of the scheme intend to induce a lot of cyclists to undertake the payment of a heavy rent, and then, if the club was not a success, find themselves responsible for it for several years. The consequence is, a Limited Liability Company has been formed, who will start the club provided enough subscribers are obtained to ensure its success at the start. The shares cost £2 2s. each, but you may join the club without being a shareholder. The annual subscription is a guinea. And a very important matter is that for country members residing over twenty-five miles from Charing-cross the subscription is but half a guinea.

As there will be stabling on the premises for machines, and bed-rooms, as in all other good clubs, will be provided at a nominal rate for members, this ought to be a great accommodation for cyclists who are riding up to London. Whether it is proposed to admit women to membership, as in some of the other London clubs, I do not know, but I should doubt it. However, if it prove a success, I do not see why some provision should not be made, if not for women members, at least for the wives and sisters of members who ride up to town with them. It also seems to me it would be a very good thing if the offices of the C.T.C., the N.C.U., and the Roads Improvement Association could be included in the same building. This would centralise cycling matters enormously.

And if—— But the influenza is so bad, I can't stand it any longer. At the present moment I don't take the least interest in cycling or anything else. N. C. U.

TO CURE SKIN DISEASES.—Sulpholine Lotion drives away all eruptions, pimples, blotches, redness, and disfigurements, leaving a clear, spotless skin. Bottles, everywhere.—[ADVT.]

LEGAL COLUMN

["Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."]

Next-door Neighbours.

We once had an old print of Westminster Hall, beneath which were written some doggrel lines concerning neighbours who would go to law, and spend much more than they could afford to spend, or than the subject in dispute was worth. Two of the lines we recollect as follows:—

> A hedge awry, a wrong-set gate,
> Will serve to spend a whole state.

We propose in this article, and perhaps in some which may follow, to speak of the rights of neighbours.

In the numerous cases of dispute that will arise even between the best-regulated neighbours, common-sense, mutual courtesy, and fair dealing often lead to a reasonable settlement without the aid of the law. If, every time a man endures a slight infringement of his legal rights, he chooses to rush into litigation, he may often have an opportunity of doing so. And, on the other hand, an unsocial person may contrive to annoy his neighbours very seriously without actually bringing himself within the scope of the law. There are, however, some cases in which a person is compelled to go to law, or to resist an action, to protect himself; and it is convenient for everyone to know how far the law has defined the respective rights of owners and occupiers of adjoining property.

Of course the general idea is that the ownership of property carries with it the right to do whatever the owner pleases: but fortunately the common interests of mankind impose restrictions upon this absolute and unchartered freedom. An owner or occupier cannot use or manage his property so that it shall be a "nuisance" in the legal sense to his neighbours.

The law imposes upon every owner of land certain implied obligations with regard to his neighbours. Thus, where rain-water naturally flows down from a high level to a low level, and the owner or occupier of the lower lands imposes restrictions, by artificial means, to the natural flow of the water, and thus causes the higher lands to be flooded, the owner of the lower lands is responsible in damages for infringing the right of the owner of the higher land to the natural drainage of the soil, unless the owner of the lower lands has gained a right by contract, deed, or usage to pen back the water. On the other hand, if the proprietor of the higher land alters the natural condition of his property, and collects the surface of rain-water at the boundary of his estate, and then pours it in unusual quantities upon the land below, he will be responsible in damages to the owner of the lower lands. So also, as a general rule, every landed proprietor has a right to the continued and unadulterated flow of natural streams and rivulets through his lands, and to the reasonable use of the water of such streams. So, too, every proprietor of land is entitled to such lateral support from the adjoining land as is necessary to sustain the land in its proper state, not weighted by walls or buildings. Where there are houses on the land, and the support required by them has been enjoyed for twenty years, the owner will have acquired a right to the continued enjoyment of such additional support. Rights of way, rights to light and air, overhanging trees, nuisances, and remedies must be discussed in other articles.

ANSWERS.

J. D. got married in 1882, falsely entering his age as twenty-four instead of nineteen, and he asks whether his marriage is legal, and whether the age could be altered in the "marriage lines." The marriage is legal, but the "marriage lines" cannot be altered.

ENQUIRER.—In the absence of any agreement between you and the vendor of the house, you can only look to the former tenant; but, inasmuch as the agreement to do the repairs was verbal, and the tenant has now given up possession, you will probably have some difficulty in enforcing the arrangement, and should not take any legal proceedings without consulting a solicitor.

FAIR, FAT, AND FORTY asks for information which does not come within the scope of this column, and should be obtained by search through the files of old newspapers, or inquiry of the solicitors in a lawsuit which is now over, and not included in the Law Reports.

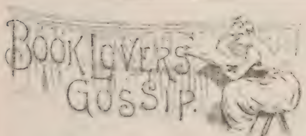
PERPLEXITY asks five questions concerning the dissolution of a partnership, not one of which could be disposed of without reference to the partnership deed. Matters of this complicated character, and involving apparently large sums of money, were never intended to be disposed of in this column. Partnerships with "freehold and leasehold property" and other "securities" should, moreover, bear the cost of professional advice in the ordinary way. LEX.

NEW BIRDS AT THE "ZOO."

AMONG the most interesting places of holiday and ordinary resort are the Zoological Gardens, the most famous of their kind in the world. The beautiful collection of birds in the "Zoo" has lately a valuable addition in the Touracos, or "plantain-eaters," of Africa, sometimes also called "Crown birds," from the horny base of their yellow bills being prolonged backward over the forehead in a kind of shield. They eat fruit and frequent the highest trees in the thickest forests, seldom coming to the ground. Most of them are brilliantly hued—emerald green and dark crimson predominating. But what has given the Touracos a place among birds of special interest to the physiologist is the peculiar nature of the colouring matter which adorns the scarlet primary wing feathers of many of the group.

In 1818, M. Jules Verreaux, a French naturalist, noticed that in the white-crested form, the "Lory" of the Cape and Natal colonists, this beautiful hue vanished on exposure to heavy rains, and reappeared only when the feathers were dry. It has now been ascertained that this peculiarity is possessed by the crimson feathers of all the birds of the family. So completely, indeed, is the pigment soluble in cold water that, to use the language of an eyewitness, the Touracos "wash themselves nearly white in the water." When a Touraco is shot in its native jungle, and happens to fall into the water, it not unfrequently stains the pool red, with the pigment dissolved out of its wing feathers, and it has happened more than once that when the uninitiated taxidermist proceeded to sponge the pumage of the specimen he was "setting up" he found that the colour came off. It has been discovered by Professor Church that the crimson hue is imparted by an animal pigment peculiar to this bird, from which circumstance it has received the name of "touracin," and that the chief constituent of the colour is copper—a fact not a little remarkable, as the bird is a fruit-feeder inhabiting dense forests, in regions which, like the Guinea Coast, are either entirely deficient in copper or possess it very sparingly. Touracos bred in England, under conditions which would make it impossible for them to imbibe, even accidentally, any metallic substance, have their wing-feathers tinted with this cuprous touracin, equally with their wild kindred.

TOURACOS, OR PLANTAIN-EATERS, AT THE "ZOO."



The "Golden Treasury."

If I were asked, not which were the hundred best books—an unanswerable problem—but which were the dozen books I would most prefer to have with me on a desolate island, I should not hesitate to include Professor Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" among the number. The "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics" (Macmillan) is a beautiful selection from English poetry—a selection which one may read and reread and learn by heart and then take up again to dip into the notes. There are many selections of English poetry, I hear you say, and they are not difficult to make. Yes, there are many, too many! But to make a selection which, as Mr. Matthew Arnold declared of this, "contains nothing bad" is not easy. It required just such a fine critical judgment as that of Professor Palgrave, assisted by Lord Tennyson, to bring together so beautiful a collection of lyrics as this "Golden Treasury." But what, you ask, has put such an old book as the "Golden Treasury" into my head? The fact is that that and a companion volume, Mr. Matthew Arnold's "Selections from Wordsworth," are very great favourites with me, and I want an opportunity of introducing them whenever I have a chance. Besides, it was only the other day that a new

Selection from Wordsworth

came into my hands. It is more than ten years ago since Mr. Matthew Arnold's little volume was published. At that time Wordsworth was not half so much read as he now is. The busy world knew him as the writer of an immense quantity of poetry—too much by far for anyone to read; it was familiar with some dozen well-worn pieces, "We are Seven" in particular; but it did not swear by Wordsworth as it was accustomed to swear by Byron, and was coming more and more to swear by Shelley. Readers of poetry, except so far as they rushed after new lights, were devoted to Tennyson and Longfellow. Outside of certain religious and literary cults, Wordsworth's readers were few indeed. But these cults were powerful. There were the Agnostic admirers who remembered that John Stuart Mill had told them in his "Autobiography"—how the reading of Wordsworth's poetry had been

A New Birth

to him; there were the Broad Church admirers, headed by the Rev. F. W. Robertson, and, later, by the Rev. Stopford Brooke; and there were the High Church enthusiasts, headed by Principal Shairp, the late Professor of Poetry at Oxford. It was, however, Mr. Matthew Arnold who popularised Wordsworth by this little volume of his. Wordsworth is perhaps the one great poet who is best in his shorter poems, or, rather, is only great in these short poems. And thus it was that when Mr. Arnold told us to throw over "The Excursion" and "The Prelude," or to leave them to a later day, and to ignore the childish, trivial poems of which Wordsworth perpetrated all too many; when he placed before us in handy form a collection of lyrics and sonnets, every one of which suggested intellectual or spiritual quickening, then Wordsworth became comparatively popular, and, with the inevitable consequences in our time,

A Wordsworth Society

was founded. I was one of the first members of this society, and very pleasant its meetings were. At one Matthew Arnold gave an address at another Mr. J. R. Lowell, and so on. But, unlike most societies, the Wordsworth Society had no intention of going on for ever. It published a certain number of "Transactions," and made arrangements for the publication of yet another selection from Wordsworth, and then committed suicide. This fresh selection was called for by the fact that Arnold had left out many favourites from his book, and had not given the poems a satisfactory arrangement. So Professor William Knight, of St. Andrews, assisted by Mr. Browning, Professor Dowden, Mr. Stopford Brooke, and others, produced the new "Selections from Wordsworth" (Kegan Paul and Co.), which is now before me. It contains many beautiful pieces unaccountably omitted from Arnold's "Selection" (Macmillan), and the poems are arranged chronologically; where there are two dates, the date of composition and that of publication being given. Some interesting letters from Mr. Browning will be found in the preface. The volume is not so handy in size as the Arnold selection, so if you are wise you will buy both books, one for the pocket, the other for home reading.

One word as to

Wordsworth's Portrait,

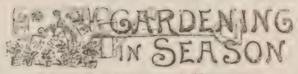
given above: it is from Haydon's picture, which represents the poet, seventy-two years of age, leaning on his staff, and as if ascending Helvellyn. Haydon sent the picture to Mrs. Browning, then Miss Barrett, and the result was the sonnet to "Wordsworth upon Helvellyn":—

> A noble vision free
> Our Haydon's hand has flung out
> From the mist!
> No portrait this, with Academic air!
> This is the poet and his poetry.

TATLER.

Tobacconists Commencing.—See Illus. Guide, 229 pages, 3 stamps. Tobacconists' Outfitting Company (Reg.), 11 and 12, Beech-street, London, E.C. Wholesale.—[Advt.]

To Athletes.—Cadbury's Cocoa is absolutely pure, and contains, in a concentrated form, admirable nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, strength, and staying power.—[Advt.]



BY OUR SPECIAL GARDENER.

Once more the year has turned; the winter solstice is a thing of the past; the days, though the alteration is scarcely perceptible as yet, are slowly but surely growing longer again; and soon our plants will begin to awake from the long sleep of winter, and again need our care, as well as win our admiration. Already the pretty little

Winter Aconite

(Eranthis hyemalis), first harbinger of spring, is opening its golden blossoms in sheltered nooks about the lawn. This is, by the way, by far the best place for the above and many other charming flowers that come in spring, such as the delicate little hardy cyclamen, snowdrops, crocus, daffodils, jonquils, primroses, and many others. These never look half so well as when peeping up naturally among the grass in little odd corners round the lawn, or on a not too formal bank of turf, where, once planted, they will flourish and bloom for years, and often increase wonderfully. Yes,

Spring is Coming

once more, and with it the gardener's busy time; and we cannot begin to prepare for this too soon, for by-and-bye every day will bring as much work as we can get through properly with everything ready to hand. The seed-list should be made out and dispatched (this is pleasant work for a long evening or two), shallow boxes in which to sow them and "prick off" the young plants be made, window-boxes, &c., repaired, and broken frames mended, glazed, and painted. Besides this, the entire stock of old pots should be washed and dried, for no good gardener ever uses a dirty, and still less a wet, pot, sticks and labels made or bought, and a store of loam, peat, leaf-mould, sand, and so forth obtained and placed in some dry place ready for use.

Artificial flowers are an abomination, but very pretty effects may be obtained by using the dried blossoms of the

Helichrysums,

rhodanthes, acroliniums, xeranthemums, and other "everlasting" flowers, in conjunction with some of the graceful ornamental grasses, including Stipa pennata (feathergrass), the brizas, agrostis, eragrostis, and others. All the above can be grown at home very cheaply, as well as the useful "honesty" (Lunaria biennis), whose elegant silvery seed-pods always look well, and the curious winter cherry (Physalis Alkekengi), which will grow anywhere. With these, the stately plumes of the Pampas grass, and the now favourite leaves of the

Cape Silver Tree

(Leucadendron argenteum), which grows nowhere but on one side of Table Mountain, our homes may be made beautiful the winter long.

Hyacinths

in glasses or pots should be brought from the dark cupboard, where they were placed at first, into a light position as soon as they have formed plenty of roots and the crowns are just beginning to move; but do not expose them too suddenly.

The second or third week in this month a little seed of hollyhocks, and, if these are wanted early, of tuberous begonias and gloxinias, should be sown in a warmth of from 60 to 70 deg.; and some lobelia, golden feather (Pyrethrum aureum), and mimulus in about 10 deg. less heat. All these will bloom during the summer or autumn, and so will delphiniums, aquilegias, pansies, and some others, if sown early under glass.

Fruit Garden.

The principal part of the work here, this month, will consist in pruning and training the apple and pear trees, gooseberry and currant bushes; and peaches, nectarines, &c., on walls may also be commenced towards the end of the month. The fan form of training is usually the best for these last, as any gaps caused by branches becoming worn out or dying, as frequently happens, can always be filled up by bending down fresh ones from the centre, where plenty of vigorous young shoots can always be had. When pruning choice apple and pear trees, remember to save some nice pieces to furnish

Scions for Grafting

on old or young stocks of inferior varieties in March. Lay them in on a shady and moist border until wanted. Any old trees that are to be grafted may be headed back at once. Finish pruning

Vines,

both indoors and out: cut any bunches that may still be hanging, with a good piece of the woody stem, and place each in a bottle of water in a cool room. Start a few pots of strawberries in the greenhouse if fruit is wanted early; the best kinds for forcing are Black Prince and Garibaldi.

Vegetable Garden.

Order in the supply of seeds, &c.; and get soil, boxes, frames, and other necessities ready for the spring work. If

Cucumbers

are wanted early, sow a few seeds singly in small (2-in.) pots of light, rich soil, and plunge them in a hotbed of about 70 deg.; when up, keep them near the glass, and shift them on into larger pots as required. Some

Tomato

seed for early fruiting may also be sown now. Of these place about twenty seeds in a 5-in. pot, half full of drainage, and filled up with light sandy soil. Place them in a gentle hotbed, and keep near the glass and rather dry. Good early kinds are the Large Red, Perfection, and Abundance. A few

Ashleaf Potatoes

may now be planted either in a frame with gentle bottom heat, or singly in pots on a greenhouse shelf.

Towards the end of the month sow a few rows of peas and broad beans on a warm south border, and a bit of cauliflower seed in boxes, and place on a shelf in the greenhouse.

B. C. R.

Every Nerve and Muscle of the Body is strengthened by wearing Harness' Electropathic Belt. It has restored thousands of sufferers to perfect health, and is the best-known cure for nervous weakness, rheumatism, gout, sciatica, liver and kidney diseases, ladies' ailments, &c. Pamphlet and consultation free on application to The Medical Battery Company, Limited, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place). Those who cannot call should write at once for Belt or pamphlet.—[Advt.]

SUNLIGHT SOAP

"So Clean"

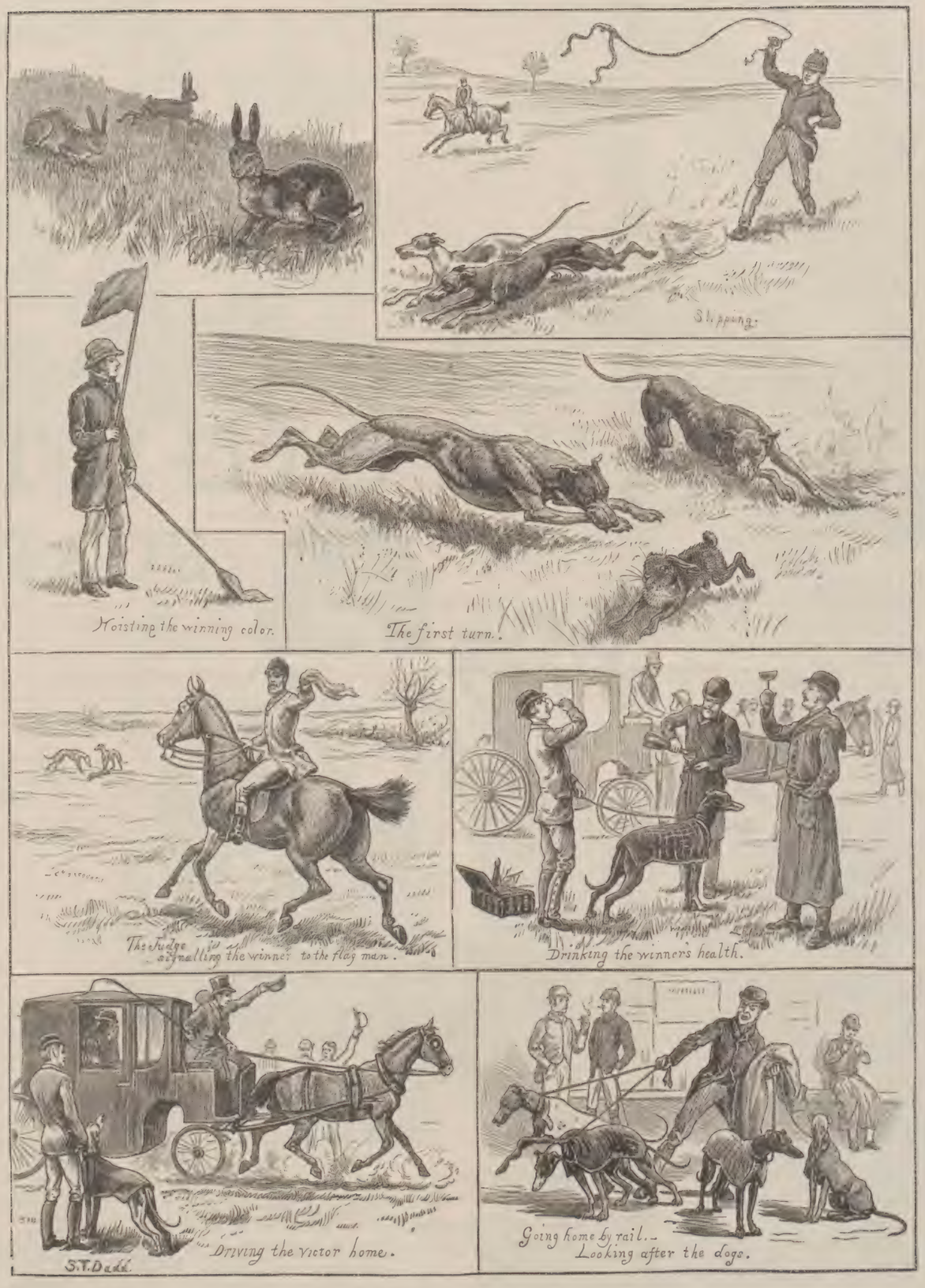
From the Painting by W. P. FRITH, R.A., Exhibited at the Royal Academy, London, 1889; the property of the Proprietors of "SUNLIGHT SOAP."

SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D.,

Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Vice-President of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain, Chief Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, S Sc C. Cambridge University, Member of the College of Physicians, Professor of Hygiene and Chemistry, Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, Hon. Mem. Societies of Hygiene, Paris, Bordeaux, and Belgium, Laboratory, Royal College of Surgeons, Stephen's-green, W., Dublin, reports:—

February 15, 1888.—I have carefully analysed specimens of the "SUNLIGHT SOAP" submitted to me for that purpose by Messrs. Lever Brothers, Warrington, and the following are the results at which I have arrived:—* * * The points in the composition of this Soap that are most valuable are its freedom from free alkali, the large percentage of fatty acids which it contains, and the purity of the materials employed in its preparation. I EMPLOY THE SOAP, and from my actual experience of it can strongly recommend it.

(Signed) CHARLES A. CAMERON.



ENGLAND'S NATIONAL SPORTS: A DAY'S COURSING.

See "The Racing World."

CHIEF CITIES AND TOWNS OF ENGLAND.

OXFORD.—I.

(By G. A. B. DEWAR.)

"THE world surely," says Nathaniel Hawthorne, "has not another place like Oxford: it is a despair to see such a place and ever to leave it, for it would take a lifetime, and more than one, to comprehend and enjoy it satisfactorily." How, then, can I hope to describe this city in a sketch which must of necessity be but brief—its colleges, its churches, chapels, libraries, gardens, and its beautiful surroundings? Were it not, indeed, that the task were a labour of love, it would seem to be almost a hopeless, certainly a presumptuous, one.

Whether the traveller come to Oxford by road, by rail, or by river, one of the first facts he remarks about the city is the number of domes and spires that rise in every quarter—for Oxford is pre-eminently a

Towered City.

Coming by the Great Western, let us say from Paddington, he gets a view from the carriage window, as the train nears Oxford, of the Tom Tower of Christ Church, of the Hall of Pembroke College, of the Radcliffe Dome, and of many other spires belonging to the various churches. All these he notes, though glancing *uphill* from the railway to the city. Coming by river, a fine view is obtained, after passing through Iffley Lock, of that grandest of all towers, St. Mary Magdalen's, of Merton College and its chapel, and of the spire of the cathedral. But to obtain a really good

Bird's-Eye View

of Oxford one should ascend Shotover Hill on a fine morning, and mark the goodly show of towers, domes, and "solemn temples" "all bright and glittering in the smokeless air."

It must be admitted, however, that the drive from the railway station into the town does not convey much impression of beauty or interest to the visitor, for the finest portion of Oxford is quite hidden, and a walk or drive of half a mile up New-road and Queen-street, as far as Carfax, reveals nothing of importance excepting the ruins of

The Castle,

which is situated on the right-hand side, and is contiguous to the county jail. It is the redeeming point of an uninteresting and rather unsightly portion of the town. Moreover, the Castle must ever command a real

Historical Interest,

seeing that at one time during the last Civil War it was the residence and the stronghold of Charles I. Passing this point the visitor proceeds along the busy but scarcely ornamental Queen-street, till he arrives at

Carfax,

a point at which diverge the four principal thoroughfares of the city—Queen-street, the Corn-market, St. Aldate's, and the High-street. A remarkable fact about Oxford is that in the most interesting portions of the town the streets are either very broad or very narrow—a rule to which there seems to be scarcely an exception. The High-street, the Corn-market, and St. Giles are instances of the former kind of street; the High-street has in one place at least a depth of 85 ft., while St. Giles is so broad beyond St. John's College that a fair is held there annually. It is planted with some fine elm-trees. Blue Boar-lane, Pembroke-street, and The Turl are instances of the narrow kind of street, yet their narrowness and gloom are redeemed by the fact that, besides being clean and well-paved, there is a constant beauty and quaintness about the old and irregularly built houses, many of which are inhabited by the out-of-college students.

The Turl, which connects the High-street with Broad-street, has very few dwelling-houses or shops, but a perfect

Cluster of Colleges:

Jesus on the left, as one turns out of the High-street; Brasenose, which lies a little back from the street, Lincoln, and Exeter on the right. Jesus is pre-eminently the

Welsh College,

and, though at the present time it is thrown open to undergraduates of other nationalities, the great majority of its students are, as a matter of fact, of Welsh origin, and service in Welsh is still held twice a week in the chapel. Brasenose—the entrance to which is by the Radcliffe-square—is the great

Athletic College.

It is especially successful on the river. Many of the Oxford colleges, indeed, are famed for some characteristic which the undergraduates impart to them: thus, Brasenose for its boating, Balliol and Corpus for their high scholarship, Christ Church for its aristocracy, and Magdalen for its choral services. The college authorities themselves recognise the fact, and are rather proud than otherwise of this hereditary tendency of their colleges. Lincoln will be recollected as the college of the famous Mark Pattison, first husband of the present Lady Dilke: he was for many years its beloved Rector. Next to Lincoln lies Exeter College, which was founded so early as 1314, and has a fine Gothic chapel. Exeter has not so many famous names as some of the other colleges, but it has those of Dyce, Shaksperean commentator, and A. J. Froude, the historian.

The Turl, as we have seen, leads into Broad-street, a short but fine thoroughfare, containing on its north side the Colleges of Balliol and Trinity: the former has of late years undergone extensive repairs, so that it does not fill one, as far as architecture at least is concerned, with much interest at first sight. Its Master is

Mr. Jowett,

perhaps the most famous Greek scholar living, and one of the most eloquent of preachers. Its books contain the famous names of Cardinal Manning, Dean Stanley, and Matthew Arnold, with many others. Immediately adjoining Balliol is Trinity College, which is entered by a fine old iron gate, and has some beautiful gardens. A striking feature of Oxford, indeed, is the number of beautiful

College Gardens.

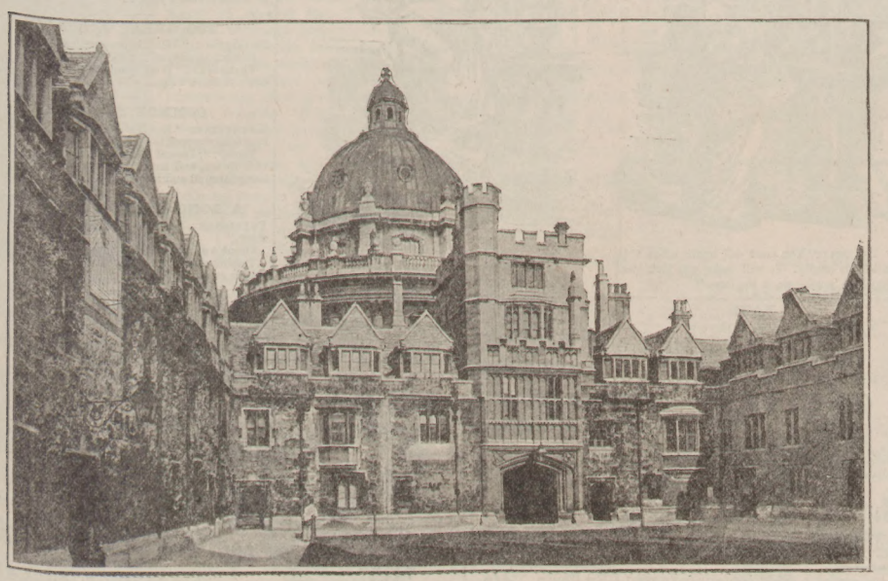
Among them Magdalen, which we shall describe later on, carries off the palm: yet the gardens of Wadham, of St. John's, of New, and of Worcester are all well worth visiting. Worcester gardens, though not so carefully tended, perhaps, as others, are most delightful in their wildness and sweet seclusion. Worcester is itself one of the outlying colleges, being situated in the north-west part of the city, and close to the railway station. North of Worcester lies that part of Oxford which is mostly affected by the "unattached" undergraduates—that is, by those who do not belong to any one of the colleges or halls. Though Worcester, as we have seen, possesses beautiful gardens, and though there is a quaint beauty and repose about the college buildings, it does not rank as a "good" college: it is great neither in the schools nor on the river, so that it ranks low down upon the list of colleges.

Another outlying college is

Keble,

which is the most recent in foundation. It was built in memory of the author of "The Christian Year" in 1868-70, and was specially intended for those who contemplate taking Holy Orders. It is one of the least expensive of the Oxford Colleges. Keble is built of red brick relieved by white stone, and in the Italian-Gothic style. In another city, instead of in Oxford, it might well be considered a fine building, but as it is, among so many grand old Gothic buildings, it gives one an impression of garishness, and does not arouse interest.

(To be continued.)



OXFORD ILLUSTRATED: BRASENOSE COLLEGE.
From the famous series of Photographs published by Messrs. Frith and Co., Reigate.

THE SINEWS OF WEALTH are found in Health; and health, strength, nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, and staying power are retained and concentrated in CADBURY'S Cocoa.—[ADVT.]

PIONEERS OF CIVILISATION IN AFRICA.

JOHNSTON v. SERPA PINTO.

MR. WILLIAM EWING, Secretary of the African Lakes Company, sends to the papers the following telegram, which the Company have just received from their representative at Quillimane, East Africa: "Johnston pacified Karongas. Portuguese reached Katungas. Remaining Makololo, trusting British protection, refused surrender flags. Steamers researched, forced to lower ensign. War is imminent." From this, Mr. Ewing explains, it will be understood—

First, that Consul Johnston has succeeded in establishing peace with the Arabs at Karongas, at the north end of Lake Nyassa;

Second, that the Portuguese have passed the line of the Ruo and have advanced to Katungas, which is within the British limit;

Third, that the natives there, the Makololo, the people of that district, trusting to the British protection, which had been declared, have refused to surrender to the Portuguese the British flags which had been handed to them by her Majesty's representative;

And, finally, that our own steamers, British vessels, had been researched by the Portuguese, and had been forced to lower the British ensign, and that war is imminent.

The fact (adds Mr. Ewing in conclusion) that Consul Johnston has established peace on the Stevenson road between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika will be received with universal satisfaction; but that the Portuguese should advance into British territory, should search British vessels, and force the lowering of the British flag, are matters which call for prompt redress.

Another Letter from Mr. H. M. Stanley, addressed to Mr. Alexander Bruce, Dr. Livingstone's son-in-law, has been forwarded for publication by the Emin Pasha Relief Committee. It was written at Ugogo, and dated Oct. 15. The traveller gives an account of the recent history of the kingdom of Uganda, which was narrated to him by a deputation of the Waganda. Mwanga, the monarch who was responsible for the murder of Bishop Hannington, had been deposed, and the native Christian community had grown considerably in numbers and power. Mr. Stanley pays a hearty tribute to the Scottish missionary's high sense of duty.

The Baby King out of Sorts.—The palace at Madrid was last Saturday put into a great state of alarm by a sudden indisposition of the infant King, who was seized with severe colic and slight convulsions. Several Royal physicians were instantly sent for, and Queen Christina, Queen Isabella, and the Infanta Isabel hurried to the bedside of the little sufferer. The physicians applied many remedies without success, and the symptoms having become more serious they resorted (says the *Daily News* correspondent) to the heroic remedy of a warm bath. The little patient, according to latest accounts, is progressing favourably.

OXFORD ILLUSTRATED: THE RIVER IN SUMMER-TIME, VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE.
From the famous series of Photographs published by Messrs. Frith and Co., Reigate.

FUN AND FANCY.

THE FATAL AUTOGRAPH.

"WILL you write in my autograph book?" said she,
And he dared not answer nay,
Though his heart beat quick, and his breath came thick,
And he trembled in dismay,
For he loved the maid, and was sore afraid—
And he dared not answer nay.

So he took the book and prayed for a thought,
And long for a thought did pray,
And long did he look in the dictionary book,
And the cy-clo-pe-di-a.
"I will write a verse," said he, "that is terse
And bang up and O.K."

And he search-ed thro' the "Library of Song,"
And he search-ed many a day.
"I will show the maid that the poetry trade,"
Said he, "is just my lay.
I will find a verse that is sweet and terse,
If I hunt for ever and aye!"

And he search-ed long, and he found a verse
At the end of the fortieth day.
"She will think every line," he chuckled, "is mine,"
And he laughed full loud and gay.
"I'm a ge-ni-us, and I make no fuss
To write good verse. Hoo-ray!"

Then he turned the page, and his rival's name
Was writ with much display
'Neath the very same verse, and it made him curse,
And his raven locks turned grey;
And he fell on his side, and quickly died
Of hy-po-chon-dri-a. S. W. FOSS.

LET HIM HAVE IT.

"WHAT is the baby crying about?"

"Oh, nothing much. He wants to eat the Christmas tree."

DIFFERENT IDEAS OF MANLY BEAUTY.

DEALER: "You must call again when this bottle is empty. It will make you look just like that gentleman in the case."

MR. WIGGAM: "It will, will it?!!! I'm bettin' it won't, if I know it!"

FATE.

I SHOT an arrow in the air,
Without an aim away it sped:
But, guided by an unseen hand,
It lit upon my neighbour's head:

A CORDIAL INVITATION.

HIS HONOUR: "What made you steal this gentleman's doormat?"

Prisoner: "Sure, yer Honour, it said 'Welcome' on it, in letthers as long as your ar-r-rm."

HE MET HIS MATCH.

"WHY don't you go to work? Why do you waste your time begging?"

"Did you ever beg?"

"No; of course not."

"Den ye don't know what work is."

IT WOULD DO FOR THAT.

MR. R. E. VIEWER: "This new book I brought home is the veriest trash. I don't like to put it in the library."

Mrs. Viewer: "Then let us give it to somebody for a New Year's present."

TOO GREAT A STRAIN.

PHYSICIAN: "What is your profession, sir?"

Patient (pompously): "I'm a gentleman."

Physician: "Well, you'll have to try something else: it doesn't agree with you."

COMMON SYMPTOMS.

KATHERINE: "Has Ned Bracebridge given you any reason to suppose that he loves you?"

Emily: "Indeed he has. He never says anything nice to me, and never squeezes my hand, but just hangs around and mopes all the time."

A LONG-NEEDED SEA STORY.

PUBLISHER: "I wish you would write us a good sea story."

Great Author: "But I have never been to sea."

Publisher: "I know it. I want a sea story that people can understand."

UNREASONABLE.

LITTLE MABEL: "Mamma, may I have something to eat?"

Mother (impatiently): "Yes, take this piece of cake, and don't open your mouth again!"

DRURY-LANE (THE NATIONAL THEATRE). —TWICE DAILY, at 1.30 and 7.45. JACK AND THE BEANSTALK. Messrs. Nicholls, Leno, Laurie jun., Griffiths Brothers, Conquest jun., Leopold Bros., Pleon, Stanton, Abbs, Payne (clown), and Campbell; Misses Vernon, Faudelle, Hewitt, Wilson, Comyns, Charteris, Deering, Bennett, Grey, Ænea, and Duggan.

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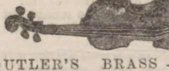

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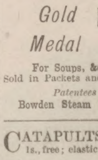

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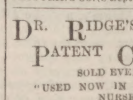

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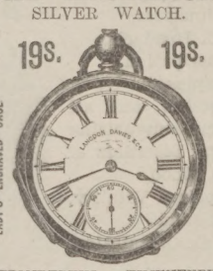

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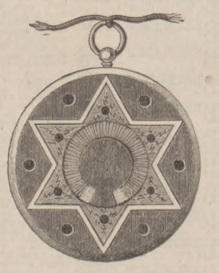

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It is very comfortable to wear and simple in construction, and owing to its constant action is a self-generating reservoir of Electricity. It acts upon all the most important organs of the body, and invariably succeeds in alleviating the disorders accruing from impaired vitality, general debility, and weak circulation.

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Medical Opinions

ON

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DR. G. V. POORE, "Electricity in Medicine and Surgery," says: "Electricity will help a patient on his road to recovery *when everything else has failed to render him the slightest service*: its reputation as a remedial agent is based very largely on its great power in this direction."

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The REV. JOHN WESLEY, the Founder of Methodism, says: "Electricity cures abundance of diseases, *even the most stubborn*; many of them in a moment, most in a few days, so that this is not only one of the greatest curiosities of the world, but one of the noblest boons God ever gave to man."

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